

The poster

Week of January 9-15

THEATRE

All productions are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

THE BAT - Confessions of a Jewish convert in a Jesuit order. (Khan, Sunday at 8:30 p.m.)

LITTLE EYOLF - By Henrik Ibsen. Khan Theatre production. A family drama. (Khan, tomorrow, Monday and Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

MY MOTHER THE GENERAL - Presented by Jerusalem Stage. Adaptation of an Israeli comedy by Eli Sagi (in English). (Nurit Katzir Centre, 27 Hillel, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

ROOMMATES IN JERUSALEM - An adaptation of the play *Flantern* by Shmuel Amid (in English). Presented by Jerusalem Stage. About Jewish-Arab relations. (Tzavta, Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ACTORS - By Haim Yavin. A presentation of our political dilemmas. (New Tzedek Theatre, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

BIBOFF, KING OF THE JEWS - By Yossi Hadar. Habimah Theatre production. A North African enters a young Israeli boy. (Habimah, Meskin, tomorrow at 6:30 and 9:30 p.m., Sunday and Monday at 8:30 p.m.)

THE BIG PARADE - A tribute to the silent-movie era in Hollywood. With Lindsay Kemp and his theatre (without words). (Habimah, Rovina, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

BIRD IN HAND - By Bilha Feldman. The relationship between a mother and daughter. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

CRIME SQUAD - By Chaim Maril. Haifa Municipal Theatre production. An in-depth exploration of local crime. (Beit Leislin, Sunday through Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

EXTREMITIES - Beit Leislin production. A thriller about an attempted rape. (Beit Leislin, tonight at 9 p.m., tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

THE FALL - By Albert Camus. Hasimiah production. The rise and fall of a Parisian lawyer. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, Monday at 9 p.m.)

FREE COUPLE - By Dario Fo. Beit Leislin production. Comedy about a young couple's sexual experiments. (Beit Leislin, tomorrow at 9:30 p.m., Monday at 9 p.m.)

HELLO AND GOODBYE - By South African writer Athol Fugard. How oppressed people try to hold to life. (ZOA House, 1 Pith, Sunday at 10 a.m.)

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

ADVENTURES IN JAZZ - With well-known musicians. (Pargod, today at 1:30 p.m., Wednesday at 9:30 p.m.)

DIXIELAND JAZZ BAND - Southern style entertainment. (Hilton Hotel, Judea Bar, Sunday at 8:30 p.m.)

PACING EAST TRIO - Steve Paskoff, Gerry Garret, Jean Claude Jones. Original jazz with an eastern flavour. (Pargod, Monday at 9:30 p.m.)

GUITAR AND PERCUSSION - Avraham Bar Rashi and Jonathan Gittler. (Harmony House, 17 Yael Salomon, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

HAGASHASH HAHIVER - Humor and satire. (Jerusalem Sherover Theatre, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA - The Diaspora Yeshiva Band. (Mount Zion Centre, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

ON A LOW FLAME - Avner Strauss presents original guitar pieces, flamenco, jazz songs. (Pargod, Thursday at 9:30 p.m.)

SONGS TILL HERE - Songs of Nathan Yonathan and Nahum Heyman. (Jerusalem Theatre, Rebecca Crown, Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

TRADITIONAL SPANISH SONGS - With the famous artist Rosa Zaragoza. (Harmony House, 17 Yael Salomon, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

HYMNOS - By Hungarian playwright Georg Swajda. Heavy drama about a simple couple brutalized by hard work and drink. (Tzavta, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

"KIDDUSH" - Family drama written and directed by Shmuel Hasidim. (Tzavta, Sunday, Monday 8:30 p.m.)

LAST SUMMER - By Jean Cocteau. A group of lesbians hold an annual gathering. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, tonight at 10 p.m.)

MIRELE EFRAI - Habimah Theatre production. Adaptation of the famous Yiddish play by Jacob Gordin. (Habimah, Rovina, Sunday through Thursday at 8:30 p.m., Tuesday also at 5 p.m.)

OPEN TO SUGGESTIONS - Haifa Municipal Theatre production. Ruth Segal in a one-woman show - excerpts about a woman who has lost her memory, and her identity. (Beit Leislin, Upper Cellar, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

PRETEXT - By Yoni Ofer. One-man show with Rami Baruch. (ZOA House, tonight at 10 p.m., tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE ROTTEN HOUR OF SIX - Tzavta production. Comedy in verse. (Beit Leislin, Upper Cellar, tonight at 9 p.m.)

SKIN - By Eula Shamir and Noga Eshed. A father-daughter relationship. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THOUGHTS AND LAUNDRY - By the "Thua'mina" group. (Tzavta, Thursday at 6 p.m.)

UNCLE VANYA - By Chekhov. Habimah Theatre production. About courage and hope. (Habimah, Meskin, Tuesday through Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

Haifa

HYMNOS - See T.A. (Kiryat Haim, Beit Neger, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

"KIDDUSH" - See T.A. (Wadi Salib, Tuesday, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

MOLIERE - By Michael Bulgakov. Haifa Municipal Theatre production. A look at the life of the playwright. (Haifa Theatre, tomorrow through Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

OPEN TO SUGGESTIONS - See T.A. (Haifa Theatre Club, tomorrow, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

THEATRE ON THE BRAIN - Theatre for high-school students. (Haifa Theatre Club, tonight at 9:30 p.m.)

Others

EXTREMITIES - See T.A. (Upper Nazareth, Berkovitz Hall, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

FLATMATES - By Shmuel Amid. A Jewish teacher and an Arab student are flatmates in Tel Aviv. (Hadera, Motet, today at 9 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 10 p.m.)

FOR CHILDREN

Jerusalem

GOLDEN HAIR - By the Train Theatre. Story of a boy who wants to marry the king's daughter. (Train Theatre, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

PICTURE BOOKS, PUPPETS AND SONGS - Ages 3-6 (in English). (Israel Museum, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

SNOW WHITE - Puppet theatre. Ages 4 and above. (Train Theatre, tomorrow at 11 a.m., noon)

STORY-TELLING HOUR - For ages 6-10. (Ticho House, Sunday at 4 p.m.)

STORY-TELLING HOUR - For ages 4-10. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

CELEBRATION OF STORIES - (Beit Leislin, tomorrow at 11:30 a.m.)

THE CHINESE CIRCUS - (Hetzliya, David, Sunday at 4:30 p.m.; Kmitz, Hechal Hatarbut, Tuesday at 4:30 p.m.)

THE PRINCESS WHO DIDN'T LAUGH - A legend. For ages 5-9. (Beit Arziela, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

THE RABBIT FROM CARROT STREET - Puppet theatre. (Old Jaffa, Hasimiah, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

THE RACE BETWEEN THE RABBIT AND THE TORTOISE - By Ilan's Puppet Theatre. (Hayarkon Park, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

TICKLESH TALKS - Nonsense versions of fairy tales. Ages 8 and above. (T.A. University, Fastlich Hall, tomorrow at 11 a.m.; Kfar Sava, Hechal Hatarbut, Tuesday at 5:30 p.m., Wednesday at 4 p.m. and 6 p.m.)

Haifa

HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA - Family concert. Conductor Steve Sloan. Works by Brahms, Bartok, Liszt, Beethoven. (Kiryat Haim, Beit Neger, today at 10:30 a.m., Monday at 5 p.m.; Haifa Auditorium, Sunday at 3:30 p.m. and 5 p.m.)



Snow White, Train Theatre, tomorrow at 11 a.m. and noon. (Lisa Piskow)

THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA JUBILEE CONCERTS

All concerts at 8:30 p.m. Zubin Mehta conducts all concerts.

Tel Aviv

TAL, VILLA-LORIS, MOZART & PROKOFIEV - Soloist Kathleen Battle, soprano. (Mann, tomorrow, Sunday and Tuesday)

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8:30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

MORNING CONCERT - With the best ensembles and soloists of the Rubin Academy of Music High School. (Zionia Conference House, Emile Botz St., Yemin Moshe, today at 11:30 a.m.)

TROUBADOUR QUINTET - Renaissance madrigals, folk songs, Israeli songs. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11:11 a.m.)

HAIFA ORCHESTRA - With the choir of the former Habimah St. Andreas and of the Goerresgymnasium of Düsseldorf. Handel: Psalm "Dixit Dominus." (Redeemer Church, Old City, tomorrow at 5 p.m.)

PIANO AND ORGAN RECITAL - Polly Ann and Dvora Grossman. Works by Teleman, Prokofiev, Beethoven and Brahms. (Heron Centre, Kiryat Yovel, tomorrow)

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE CITY OF MAHAGONY - Three-act opera by Kurt Weill. Libretto by Bertolt Brecht. With the new Israeli Opera. Conductor Ior Shmudal. Opera sung in Hebrew. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow and Monday at 8 p.m.)

SONG CYCLE - The Fair Miller-Male. Schubert. With guest vocalist Raymond Voyat, tenor; Eldad Neumark, piano. (Israel Museum, Tuesday)

VIOLIN AND PIANO RECITAL - Vera Weidman and Emanuel Krasovsky. Works by Korngold, Taur, Dorguan, Schubert. (Rubin Academy, Givat Ram Campus, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

"ETNAHTA" - Michael Boguslavsky, piano. Works by Brahms and Schubert. (YMCA, Thursday at 4 p.m.)

ORGAN RECITAL - With Oskar Gottlieb Blarr. Works by Mendelssohn, Frescobaldi, Blarr and others. (Redeemer Church, Old City, Thursday)

Tel Aviv area

SONATAS FOR CELLO AND PIANO - Uri Wiesel and Arnan Wiesel. Works by Beethoven. (Ramat Hasharon, Beit Yael Lebanim, tonight at 10 p.m.)

ISRAEL BAROQUE PLAYERS - "From the Sonatas to the Cantatas." Works by Bach and Vivaldi. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11:11 a.m.)

PIANO FOR FOUR HANDS - Jude Sittelman-Hefetz and Yonatan Zak. Works by Mozart, Brahms, Liszt and others. (Ramat Hasharon, Beit Yael Lebanim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

TAL, MAHLER & PROKOFIEV - Soloist Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano. (Mann, Monday and Wednesday)

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV & LISZT - Leonid Brandberg, piano. (Mann, Thursday)

"NEGINOT" - Music played by new immigrants. Eva Ben-Zvi, singer; Wendy Amster, flute; Orly Lavan, guitar. Works by Bach, Mozart, others. (ZOA House, Monday at 8 p.m.)

EVENING OF BACH & SONS - Na'ama Levi, harpsichord; Shlomo Adel, harpsichord. (Ramat Hasharon, Beit Yael Lebanim, Monday at 9 p.m.)

HARPSICHORD RECITAL - By Shimon Rokhman. Works by Bach, Cyprès, Scarlatti, and others. (Bar-Ilan University, Argentine Auditorium, Wednesday)

Haifa

HAIFA CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY - The new Jerusalem Quartet. Works by Ravel, Taur, Schubert. (Beit Imroch, tomorrow)

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE CITY OF MAHAGONY - See Jem. (Haifa Auditorium, Wednesday and Thursday at 8 p.m.)

Beersheba

ISRAELI SINFONETTA BEERSHEBA - "A Spanish Evening." Conductor Givelle Baka Ben-Zur. (Lior Eilon, flute. Works by Turina, Rodrigo, Muschinsky and the Tullia. (Beit Yael chaim, tomorrow)

Others

HARP, FLUTE & VIOLA RECITAL - Ullat Lavry, Yael Reindorph and Haima Prager. Works by Bach, Fauré and others. (Ein Ha' Artist's Village, Yael Beit Gertum, tomorrow)

DANCE

Jerusalem

CINDERELLA - Fully-staged production by the Israel Ballet. Choreography: Bertha Yampolsky; Music: Prokofiev. (Jerusalem Sherover Theatre, Wednesday at 4:30 p.m.)

TNUATRON - Inpoel's dance group in a combination of movement and theatre. (Gerard Behar, Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

Haifa

FIVE SCREAMS - By Tnu-Na Dance Theatre. Movement theatre. (Haifa Museum, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

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For last minute changes, and to check if programmes are for subscribers only, please contact box office.

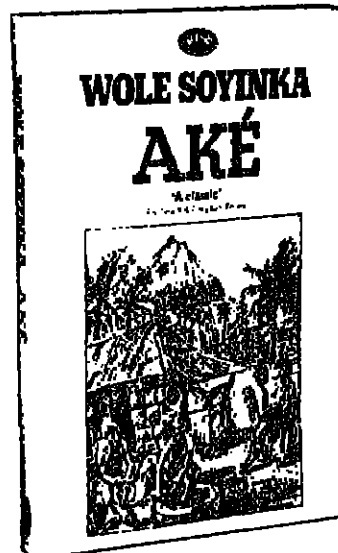
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Friday, January 23, 1987

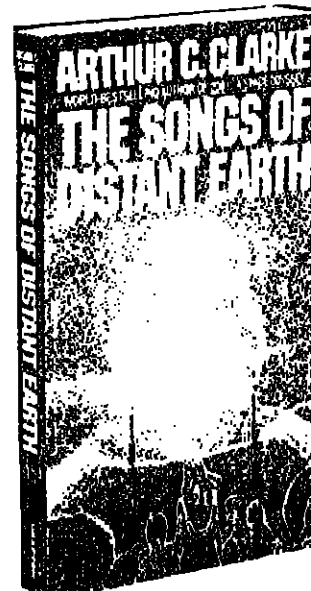
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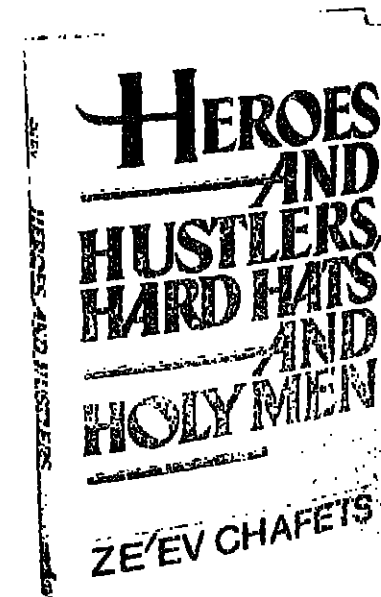


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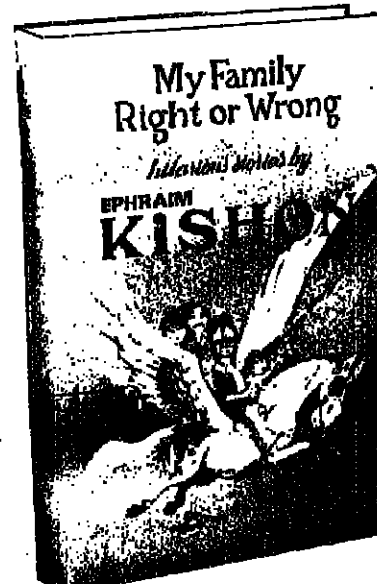


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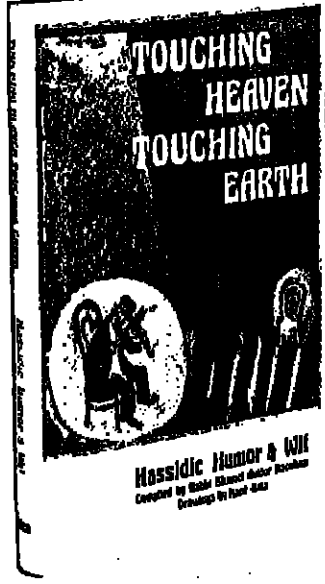


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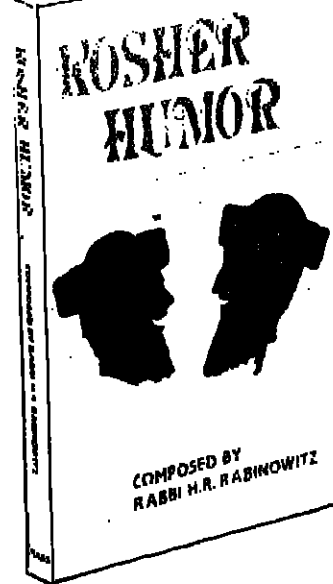
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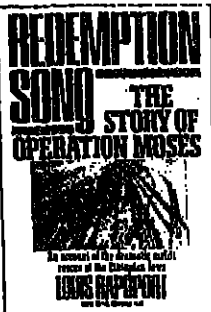
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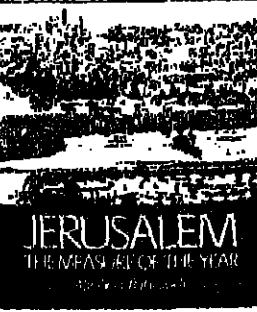
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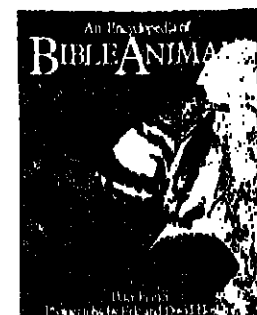
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Jerusalem — Henry Crown Auditorium, Wednesday, Feb. 11, 9 p.m.
Tickets: Bimot, Tel. 240896, Gahana and box office.

Tel Aviv — Mann Auditorium, Friday, Feb. 13, 2:30 p.m.
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I FIRST MET Adel in a Jerusalem restaurant where he was working as a cook. I noticed right away that of all the Palestinian Arabs working there he was the most friendly to the Israeli clientele. Being handsome and tall, he was especially liked by the Israeli girls eating there.

Whenever he had a break from his work in the kitchen, he would come to sit next to me and chat. He would tell me about his family, who lived in a village near Hebron, about their history, how in 1948 they were forced to leave their home near Ramle and start from scratch in a new place. He told me about his father, who had to become a simple labourer after losing all his property and land during the war.

Adel used to describe life in the village under the occupation: the Shin Bet informers, the PLO activists, the "village league" people and the pro-Jordanians. He did not belong to any of these groups. He did not like his village, especially after tasting city life in Jerusalem.

He used to visit his family every other weekend and when I met him at the restaurant one Friday before he was due to leave for home, he was fairly depressed.

"Here in Jerusalem," he said, "I am a free bird. I can do whatever I wish. There, I am locked in a cage. They are all so conservative. When you walk down the main street, you feel that the eyes of the whole village are focused on you. And you can imagine what they're whispering behind their locked doors: 'There goes Adel, Hashem's son. He lives in Jerusalem, and they say he acts rather wild there, especially with the girls.' Or else: 'Don't trust Abu-Ahmed's son. He was seen in Jerusalem with two Shin-Bet men. I think he's an informer for the Israelis.' In that small village, you can't escape the evil tongues."

"So, after 24 hours," he went on, "you feel as though you're in a pressure cooker. Not only the villagers, my own family drive me crazy at times: When are you going to get married, Adel? You're a big boy now, 26, and not even engaged. Instead of saving money for the dowry, you spend it all on clothes and Israeli girls. Do you remember your cousin Samra, who now lives in Amman? You used to play together when you were very young. She's a pretty girl now. Why don't you go and visit her in Amman?"

"It goes on and on, and I can't stop them. Because, you know, you must respect your parents, and especially your father. In our traditional society, you cannot show disrespect. By the time I'm about to leave the village to come back home to Jerusalem, I can hardly bear to listen to their preaching any longer. But I know that very soon, I'll be back in town for another two weeks, so I remain patient for another hour or so and don't answer them at all. Or else I say, yes, yes, you are right..."

ADEL TOLD ME that his meetings with Israeli Jews had opened a new window for him, a window through which he saw another culture, much more liberal than his. On his way to the village every two weeks, there were roadblocks, and there he would meet the "ugly Israeli," the one who ordered him coarsely to shut up or to stop smoking in front of the Israeli masters. He would meet the same ugly Israeli at the Military Government offices in Hebron, where he had to go to get a permit for a family reunion or travel abroad, or a driving licence. There he would encounter the same rude behaviour to all Palestinians.

"But here in this restaurant," he said, "it's another world. I don't meet the ugly Israelis but the nice ones. It isn't the occupier, and the

ALL THINGS BEING EQUAL



occupied, but relations on an entirely different level, between human beings. For two weeks I can almost forget that we are in two such different worlds."

Adel was really well liked there. Some of the regular clients were activists of the left and Peace Now, and Adel was particularly fond of them. For he was their "bad conscience." By his very presence, he reminded them of "the Palestinian problem."

For them, Adel was the microcosm of the macrocosm. And for Adel, they represented the "good Israeli," the broadminded, liberal one who wants to share his sufferings, partition the country and let him have his own state, his liberty.

ONE MORNING, a year ago, I met Adel in the street near the restaurant and told him I was about to give a lecture that evening at a kibbutz near Jerusalem. I asked him whether he would like to join me.

He was very enthusiastic. "I've never been to a kibbutz. I'd love to come with you. I've heard so much

about the kibbutzim, but never known what they really look like."

He asked one of his fellow-workers to fill in for him in the kitchen. I met him downtown at 7

No Man's Land Yehuda Litani

o'clock to wait for the kibbutznik who was supposed to pick us up.

We waited for more than an hour before he appeared—very apologetic for being so late. "I don't know Jerusalem. I've been driving round in circles, not knowing where to park or how to reach this place. It all looks the same. Please don't be mad at me."

It wasn't a very good beginning, but he went on: "You know, I had completely forgotten, there's a basketball match tonight between Maccabi Tel Aviv and a European team, and I don't think there will be many at your lecture."

"So maybe we'll call it off," I suggested.

"Oh, no," he replied. "There will certainly be about 25 to 30 there."

When we arrived we saw four women sitting in the kibbutz club-room, knitting and chatting. They didn't even look at us. Our escort was somewhat embarrassed.

"I really don't know what's happened," he said. "We announced your lecture two weeks ago. It seems as if everybody is watching the match on TV. I'll get some of them to come in now. Wait here, please. I'll be back within 10 minutes."

The four women continued their knitting, and I again suggested calling it off but our escort, whose name was Yossi and who turned out to be the chairman of the kibbutz culture committee, refused: "No, no, you'll see, they'll come in a few minutes. Please be patient."

I TOOK Adel for a short tour of the kibbutz. We saw the huge dining room ("It's much bigger than restaurants in Jerusalem," he commented), the children's quarters

("Where do they go then parents?") and some of the homes of the private members of the kibbutz. They look like real villages.

Then we went down to the club-room of the club-house. There were express trains not far away, and through them you could see the full moon and the stars. It was a chilly but bright night, and Adel was enchanted by the scene.

I asked about kibbutz principles—equality, one for all, all for one—and he thought it was a fantasy. He said much more than the village, even more than Jerusalem, in the sense, you have to work for eight hours and then you can forget about the world, listen to the radio, watch TV, read a good book.

I tried to explain that there wasn't only a bright side; there were other sides to the kibbutz—hard work, lack of privacy, the "collective" versus the individual, and so on.

But Adel was caught in the magic spell of the kibbutz, and wouldn't listen to my arguments.

"I like it," he insisted, "and I think I'd like to join a kibbutz. Maybe this one."

EVENTUALLY, Yossi returned to the club-room. He brought along five sleepy members, and said: "We haven't any choice, you'll have to start now. The others—you can't drag them away from the TV."

I thanked him, and this time they all agreed to call it off. And now there was another problem: who was going to drive us back to Jerusalem? For Yossi couldn't; he was shortly due to start his duty as kibbutz guard, near the main gate.

Another half an hour passed before a solution was found: one of the senior members of the kibbutz who had once held a high post in the Hashomer Hatzair movement, volunteered to serve as our driver. I knew the man, and had seen him a few months earlier in a Land Day meeting in Galilee, talking to an enthusiastic audience of Israeli Arabs about equal rights for Jews and Arabs, demanding the return of Arab lands in Galilee to the real owners.

He brought his wife along, and apologized on behalf of the kibbutz.

"You know the youngsters of today. For them, a basketball match is more important than an interesting lecture."

FROM THE back of the car, Adel asked whether he could join the kibbutz.

"What are you talking about?" the driver inquired, and Adel explained: "This was my first visit to a kibbutz. You see, I'm from the Hebron area. I liked it very much. I like the idea behind it—equality, one for all, all for one. I hate my village. I don't think I can make it in Jerusalem. I'd like to try your way of living. Maybe some day we'll be able to establish our own kibbutzim."

The man at the wheel was in shock.

"I'm sorry, Adel," he said, "but we had a very bad experience with Arab members in our kibbutzim. It just didn't work. Most of them—I think maybe all of them—had to leave the kibbutz after a short time."

"How can I make myself clear to you? I must be very sharp on this issue. Perhaps you won't understand it properly. Your background would prevent complete integration into our society. It just won't work. It didn't work in the past, and it won't work in the future. You'd better forget the idea, for your own sake."

Adel didn't utter a word, and there was silence in the car until we reached Jerusalem. Then, just as we were about to get out, our driver turned round and said to me: "I remember you from that meeting in Galilee. It was a good speech I made there, wasn't it?"

SOME SAY the man is merely Yasser Arafat's main mouthpiece on the West Bank. Others say that Faisal Hussein is a bigger fish than that. They say he coordinates PLO activities in the areas, and if he doesn't actually relay orders from abroad to hold a student strike here or throw stones at cars there, he does expect to be asked for his okay before the strike is held or the stones thrown.

The General Security Services apparently believe the big fish version. For the last five years, Hussein from sunset to dawn has been forbidden to be outside his house in East Jerusalem. He cannot set foot beyond the city limits at any time, and must report twice weekly at a police station.

All that Hussein would tell me was that the PLO is the only legitimate representative of the Palestinians, and that if we Israelis want peace and security, we will have to negotiate with that organization.

Exactly what Hussein, whose family name is one to conjure with, does for the PLO is unclear. What is a fact is that the Hussein clan has provided its share of politicians, publicists and clerics to shepherd the Palestinians from disaster to disaster.

Haj Amin el-Husseini, the mufti of Jerusalem and Hitler's house guest during the Holocaust, was the undisputed leader of the Palestinians for about 30 years—anyone who disputed his leadership did not have long to live. Other Husseinis also were prominent in the limelight and busy backstage during the time when the British were running this country. Some clan members fought the Jews, some sold land to the Jews at top prices, and some did both.

Like the other proud and public-spirited clans based in Jerusalem—the Nashshibis, the Khatibs, the Dajunis—the Husseinis have seen their power and sway eclipsed by events, by history, by the passage of generations, by the rise and fall and rise again of the PLO. Yet Arafat himself, that aging phoenix, belongs to the Husseinis, by way of his mother, who was a cousin of Haj Amin.

Perhaps most important for Faisal Hussein, his own father was an authentic Palestinian hero. Abdel Kader el-Husseini, another of the mufti's cousins, led the local "Jihad" forces, known to us as "the gangs," and was killed in April, 1948 in the battle for the Castel heights. While Israeli military historians give him credit as a charismatic commander, in Palestinian mythology Abdel Kader's place is comparable to Trumpeldor's.

I DIDN'T ask his son, who was eight years old in 1948, what it was like to grow up in the shadow of the ghost of such a man. But I did ask him whether, in spite of being known as his father's son, he too was liable to be told by Arabs in Syria, in Iraq and in Egypt that the Palestinians themselves were to blame for their first, and greatest, disaster.

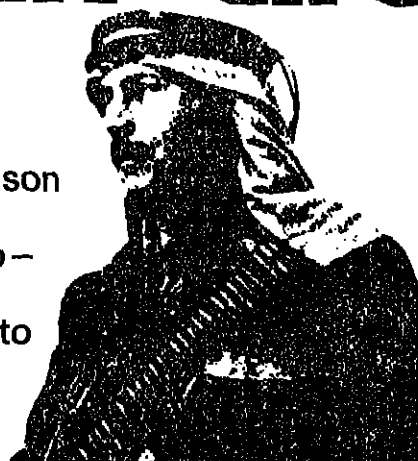
"For sure," Faisal Hussein said. "Like other Palestinians, I was sometimes asked, 'Why did you sell your land, why did you leave your country?'"

"What was your answer?" "I said, first, that the land owned by the Jews in 1947, when the UN voted partition, was a very small part of Palestine. And that most of this very small part had been sold to the Jews not by Palestinians, but by Arab families living in Syria and Lebanon."

"Second, the Palestinians didn't leave of their own accord. We were forced. We have always known this, but recently new facts have come to light and documents have been published proving that we were forced by the Jews and the Israeli army to leave our land."

HIS FATHER'S SON

Faisal Hussein, son of an authentic Palestinian hero—Abdel Kader el-Husseini—talks to The Jerusalem Post's Edward Grossman.



Hawk-nosed, soft-spoken, balding, greying, Hussein rarely looks you in the eye. He does his best, when it comes to the nitty-gritty of current politics, to pick his words with the greatest care.

He has good reason to be careful. Faisal Hussein is a man acquainted with exile. He was born in Baghdad, where his father and the mufti had set up headquarters after being expelled from Palestine by the British. He grew up in Cairo. Not until 1961, was he able to settle in Jerusalem, at the pleasure of King Hussein, whose grandfather, Abdullah, had been slain by the mufti's hired gun 10 years before.

Hussein today is living in Jerusalem at the pleasure of the GSS and the Israeli courts. He knows that if he violates the changing, more-or-less liberal, more-or-less iron-fisted rules of the game, he could be expelled, as Akram Haniye, editor of the East Jerusalem newspaper *A-Sha'ab*, was recently. Moreover, if he were deported on grounds of incitement or for any other reason, Hussein probably wouldn't be welcome across the river in Amman, but would have to travel all the way back to his birthplace, the blacked-out city of Baghdad.

"HAS ANYTHING changed since 1948 in the way Palestinians view a Jewish state?" I asked.

"Yes, experience has led to the acceptance of the idea of two states here—a Palestinian and a Jewish. At first the idea was that the Jews were European settlers and it was our

right to throw them out. But in 1967 we started to face Israelis not only as an army but as individuals. We saw them as fathers, mothers, children with no other place to go. To force them to go would mean making them refugees. They would suffer as we do now."

"You mean that if your people had the military capability to destroy Israel, they wouldn't do it, because they wouldn't want to create another refugee problem?"

Hussein answered for himself: "We Palestinians decided on the secular democratic state in all of Palestine in order to solve the Jewish question without making new refugees. But then we realized that the Israelis didn't like this at all. So the Palestine National Council adopted the two-state idea, by which we would establish our state in any part of liberated Palestine, leaving the secular, democratic state as a dream which will come to pass only when both peoples are ready for it and not by force."

"Why not put that into the Palestinian Covenant?" I asked Hussein.

"You know," he said, "I could ask you the same thing—why doesn't Israel have a constitution?"

Nothing is less profitable than talking with a PLO person about the covenant and about why, through thick and thin, it is never amended. What I really wanted to get around to was the nitty-gritty of current politics and tactics. I wanted to draw Hussein out on his meeting in November with Natan Sharansky, a meeting requested by Hussein to

discuss the expulsion of Haniye. Later Sharansky said the meeting would not have taken place if he'd known that Hussein was PLO, and Hussein responded by telling the press that Sharansky was "a great man suddenly turned small."

I asked Hussein: "You've been quoted as saying that human rights are violated daily under the occupation. You've cited Haniye's case as one example. What do you mean by human rights? Where are they listed?"

"In the UN Declaration on Human Rights and the Geneva Convention and other international conventions."

"Wouldn't you agree that of the 160 or so countries in the UN, just a handful honour human rights? And that in the Middle East, not a single Arab country does? Why should Israel, which has to survive in the Middle East, be held to a higher standard? Why do you insist?"

"Because," Hussein said, "I am a human being and I am living here. This touches me immediately. I fight for myself, and then for any other human being in this world. I am the victim, so if someone is also a victim elsewhere, why should I suffer?"

"That makes sense, but if you want to get anywhere and change things for the better for your people, don't you have to consider the Israeli need for and right to security?"

"What kind of security? Three years ago, my mother passed away in London," Hussein said, his voice taking on a harder edge as he let down his guard. "I went to the Interior Ministry to ask for permission to bury her here. I spoke with Rafi Levy—you know who that is?" (Levy, the Interior Ministry's long-time boss of the Jerusalem district, is now on trial, charged with corruption.)

"I asked him for permission to bury my mother here, and he gave it. But a few hours later he called back and said, 'Your mother was the wife of Abdel-Kader el-Husseini. State security forbids her being buried here.' So I said to him, 'If the body of a dead woman endangers the security of Israel, then tell me, what are your security demands from the Arab world?' No, under this umbrella of security, the Israelis want too much."

It was at this point that I asked what had been great about Sharansky. But Hussein, cautious again, refused to be drawn on the subject, and however I phrased my question he would not say another word about the ex-Prisoner of Zion.

"Before we were talking about human rights," I said, trying a new tack. "Do you think Soviet Jews have the human right to leave the Soviet Union and come to Israel?"

"I'm not talking about any specific countries or people but about human beings everywhere," Hussein said.

"If a Soviet Jew says Israel is his country, can you accept that?"

"You can't speak generally. You have to ask how it affects other people, perhaps affects them badly. I'm prevented as a Palestinian from returning to my own country, so why should I agree to someone else coming and living in my place? Human rights are indivisible and if Soviet Jews want to claim the right to come here they must also argue for the right of Palestinians to return to their country, a right which they are being denied."

"Forget the West Bank. Say a Soviet Jew moves to Tel Aviv..."

"But Tel Aviv is now ruling the West Bank."

"Aren't there two human rights in collision here?"

"We offer two alternatives to solve the problem," Hussein said. "Either a secular, democratic state where everyone could come and live, or two states, each with its own immigration policy."

DESPAIRING of getting him to speak his mind about what is really going on, I persevered, and finally got my reward.

"Not long ago," I informed Hussein, "I interviewed Peter Grose, managing editor of *Foreign Affairs* (Jerusalem Post magazine December 26). Grose said that you Palestinians had a chance to make political gains from a human rights campaign in the 1970s, but you missed it."

"I don't know. Any people in this world will sometimes have more of a chance, sometimes less."

"What does it depend on?"

"The whole situation in the world. Sometimes the balance of forces is helpful, sometimes less so. Things have not been so good for us lately, since the PLO lost its position in Lebanon. This hurt us badly. It is now costing us a lot of time and blood to recover. What we are doing now in southern Lebanon is trying to rebuild, trying to liberate some territory where we can have political freedom and freedom of movement."

"If the PLO re-establishes itself in southern Lebanon politically and militarily," I asked Hussein, "what effect will this have on a campaign for human rights? What's the connection between a strong PLO and the effectiveness of a human rights campaign on behalf of the Palestinians and against the Israeli occupation in the West and in Israel?"

"There is a connection." I asked him why masses of people never marched for the Palestinians in the streets of New York, London and Paris, as they do from time to time for the South African blacks and Soviet Jews.

"As a Palestinian under occupation," he said, "I don't compare my situation to that of any other people, except maybe that of the Europeans under German occupation. You remember that in the beginning, when the Germans were victorious, everyone was in shock. The real resistance struggle in Europe only started after a few years, when the Germans lost some battles to the Allies. Then a resistance movement sprang up and this changed the way the outside world saw the occupied peoples."

Hussein, warming to this historical analogy, went on:

"The Palestinians under occupation have been living all these years in the first stage, in which the Israelis are constantly victorious and our side constantly defeated. But once the PLO wins some victories on the outside and is perceived as strong, our morale here will also improve. We will be able to mount more resistance, non-violent or otherwise, and then the world will pay more attention."

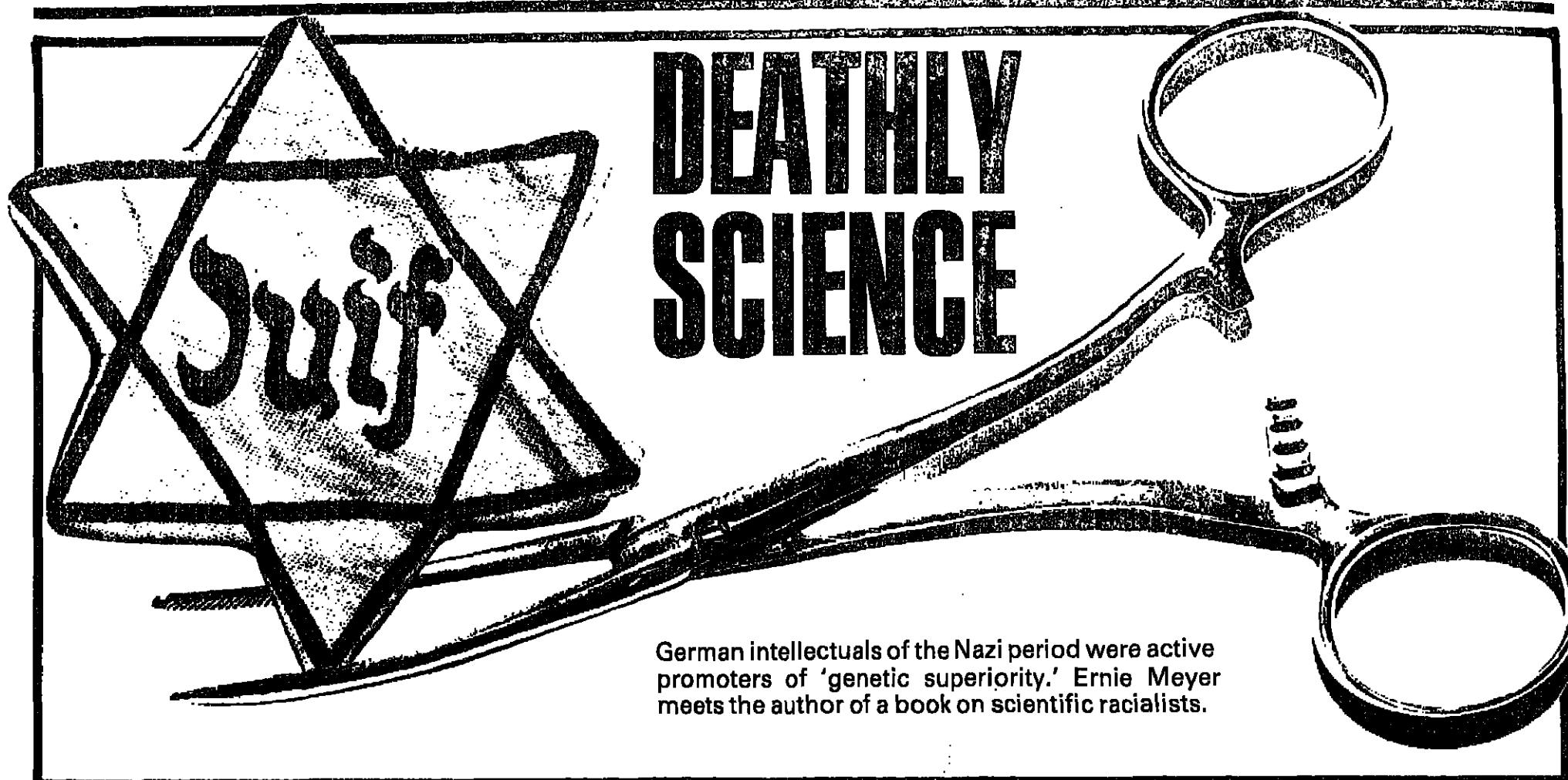
"In the meantime, do you feel helpless?"

"No. I can be steadfast. I can learn from experience. I can work and stick to my rights. I can fight against the occupation all the time—you can say this interview is part of my fight."

At the last moment, Hussein added something which was obviously important for him to get across.

"There are two stages for any movement," he said. "In the first stage, it doesn't have the power to make anyone negotiate with it, but it does have enough power to stop others from making separate agreements. In the second stage, it has the power to make others deal with it. Today the PLO is in the first stage. But it's only a matter of time before we reach the second. For the time being, I can't plan any plan on you, but I can stop any plan from being carried out without me."

Hussein looked me straight in the eye and said, "You understand? That's not a threat, it's just a fact." □



German intellectuals of the Nazi period were active promoters of 'genetic superiority.' Ernie Meyer meets the author of a book on scientific racialists.

A GENETICS professor at Cologne University, Benno Mueller-Hill, has written a chillingly objective book documenting the hitherto largely ignored relationship between some branches of German science and the Nazi atrocities committed against certain minority groups.

It shows how Germany's anthropologists, psychiatrists and behavioural psychologists first paved the way for the sterilization of the mentally ill and later took part in killing them, and Jews and Gypsies as well.

Published by Rowohlt Pocket Books in Hamburg, the book is called *Toedliche Wissenschaft: Die Aussonderung von Juden, Zigeunern und Geisteskranken 1933-1945* (Deadly Science: The Elimination of Jews, Gypsies and the Mentally Ill, 1933-1945). It will soon be brought out in English by the Oxford University Press.

This article is not a review of the book but rather an attempt to present its essence. Except for an interview with Prof. Mueller-Hill, who was here as a guest of the Hebrew University recently, I follow the course of the book.

Its structure is somewhat unusual. The book opens with a 15-page "German chronicle of the identification, weeding out and destruction of foreign elements," covering the period 1900-1945. This is followed by the main body of 50 pages. After this comes an unusual section called "Gespraeche" (conversations), in which Mueller-Hill describes conversations with people who had actually been involved with the professors and institutions. There is an extensive documentation (14 pages), an index and a bibliography.

PROFESSOR Mueller-Hill, his wife and two children were invited here after Prof. Ya'acov Steiner of the Hebrew University Medical School read a review of the book in the British *Nature* magazine. The two-page review was by the eminent historian Hugh Trevor-Roper. Steiner ordered the book and was so impressed - or shocked - by it, that he persuaded the university rector to extend the invitation.

Mueller-Hill was here for 13 days, during which time he lectured on his book at the Academy of Sciences

and also conferred with fellow geneticists.

The *Nature* magazine review was the only one of the book to appear anywhere, Mueller-Hill said, except for one in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*. Nevertheless, the book has sold over 9,000 copies in Germany. He said that he had had no trouble in finding a publisher.

Before and after publication, there had been some threats of legal action, but nothing developed, he added. One academic, however, told him that he was lucky that he already was a professor, because after the book, he would never have attained that rank.

His work on the book, which involved frequent trips from Cologne

to the federal archives in Koblenz and to other libraries, was not sponsored by any organization. Most of the writing was done during a half-year sabbatical. "I was astonished that there was no other work on this particular subject," he said.

What had started him off on the subject, I asked Prof. Mueller-Hill. He told me of his background, which provided some clues.

He was born in 1933 in Freiburg-im-Breisgau, in southern Germany, where his father was a lawyer. His mother - Hill - was of Swedish origin.

He studied chemistry and later got his Ph.D. in biochemistry. From 1963 to 1968 he did research in molecular biology at the University

of Indiana at Bloomington, and at Harvard. "I was lucky to be associated with a group of researchers who had achieved a scientific breakthrough," he said modestly.

Following the U.S. period, he accepted an offer from the University of Cologne, where he is now a full professor. The Cologne Institute for Genetics was founded by Nobel Prize winner Max Dellbrueck and is considered the best in Germany, he said.

BUT WHY had he bothered with the scientists of the Nazi period? "It's complicated," he replied. "In the U.S., I worked a lot with Jewish colleagues, who sensitized me to the subject."

He also mentioned his mother's Swedish background.

But, he said, the crucial event in this regard was perhaps something that happened when he was in the Hitlerjugend, the Hitler youth organization, at the age of 10. "I got into a small rebellion against our group leader, who was a cruel bully."

The youthful revolt had no political overtones and no serious consequences. Little Benno's father was in the army, he did not tell his mother, and in any case, most official records were destroyed in the heavy Allied bombing of Freiburg.

But apparently Mueller-Hill saw in the episode - which he spoke of with some emotion - an omen for the future.

He writes in the introduction to his book: "The blood of the millions of victims which has been spilled is being forgotten with the greatest alacrity. The recent history of these genetically thinking practitioners of the humanities is confused and full of crimes, like a bad dream. But from this dream many geneticists, anthropologists and psychiatrists have slid into the deep slumber of forgetfulness."

AS HE was gathering his material, Mueller-Hill thought that it would only be fair to let those participants in his story who were still alive tell their side of it. The prime movers were all dead, but he interviewed children of the leading professors, their assistants and laboratory assistants. Many of the survivors were professors themselves now.

"All those I asked for an interview

agreed, although some only after initial hesitation," Mueller-Hill said.

"I disdained the use of a tape recorder and wrote up the interviews from memory on my trip home. It was agreed that a transcript of the conversation would be sent to the interviewees for their correction. I did not want to print anything that was said in haste or that was open to misunderstanding."

About half of those interviewed did not return the manuscripts or expressly forbade their publication. Only 14 interviews were included in the book.

Mueller-Hill writes that he had expected to encounter evil people, whose names he knew only through his research. "But these old men and women whom I faced in their apartments now and whose hospitality I was enjoying, did not correspond to that image. None of them insisted that the measures taken during the Hitler era should be reinstituted, although many still evinced understanding for the first steps taken then."

Not one of those interviewed incriminated himself. Most of them said that they knew nothing of the mass murder of German mental patients, Jews and Gypsies, and knew of nothing connecting their institutes with these matters. There had been no anti-Semitism in their circle; they had never been members of the Nazi Party, and if so, only joined because they had to. Some of their best friends had been Jews or half-Jews, and as pure scientists they had given little thought to the way things worked out.

"These conversations - including those I was not permitted to print - had a lasting influence on my attitude. While I may initially have thought of some of these people as typical, unpleasant minions of the past regime, I soon noticed that all of them, without exception, had areas of their personality which were unsullied by Nazism. On the contrary, among those who were most deeply involved with the party or the SS, I found personalities from whom I found it impossible to withhold my sympathy," Mueller-Hill writes.

"In science there can be no reconciliation, but there can be reconciliation between men of equal rights," he concludes in the introduction to his book.

A CHRONOLOGY of the identification, weeding out and destruction of foreign elements.

1900 The genetic theories of Gregor Mendel are rediscovered and strengthen scientists in their belief that man's spiritual and intellectual capabilities are largely inherited. Anthropologists and psychiatrists apply Darwin's theories of evolution to human history. They consider it their task to prevent the spread of "inferior" races and the increase of "inferior" elements within their own race. They find this necessary in view of the approaching decline of European culture.

1902 Dr. Woltmann founds the *Political-Anthropological Review*.

1904 Establishment of the Archive of Racial Research and a year later, the Society for Racial Hygiene by Dr. Ploetz.

1908 In the German colony of Southwest Africa, marriages between natives and Germans are forbidden.

1913 Prof. Eugen Fischer's book *The Rebabler Bastards and the Problem of Bastardization in Humans* appears. He advocates that the progeny of mixed races (Germans and negroes) be given the protection due to an inferior racial group as long as they are useful. "Otherwise - free competition, which in my opinion means their destruction."

November 11, 1918 Germany has lost World War I and with that its colonies with its "inferior" negroes. At home, about half the inmates of mental hospitals have died of hunger and infectious diseases.

1920 Law professor Binding and psychiatrist Prof. Hoche publish their book *The Abandonment to Destruction of Life That is Unworthy of Living*.

1923 During his incarceration at Landsberg, Adolf Hitler reads the textbook by Baur, Fischer and Lenz, called *The Science of Human Heredity and Racial Hygiene*. He incorporates these ideas in his book *Mein Kampf*.

1927 The Kaiser Wilhelm Gesellschaft (Society) opens an institute for anthropology, human heredity and eugenics, headed by Prof. Eugen Fischer.

1931 Prof. Lenz writes in the third edition of the Baur-Fischer-Lenz textbook that: "Of course, one must deplore the one-sided anti-Semitism of the National Socialists, but it seems that such sentiments of antagonism are necessary in order to whip the masses into activity... There is no doubt about the sincerity of the National Socialists in their striving to keep the race pure... The problem of the quality of the nation's hereditary mass is a hundred times more important than the struggle between capitalism and socialism."

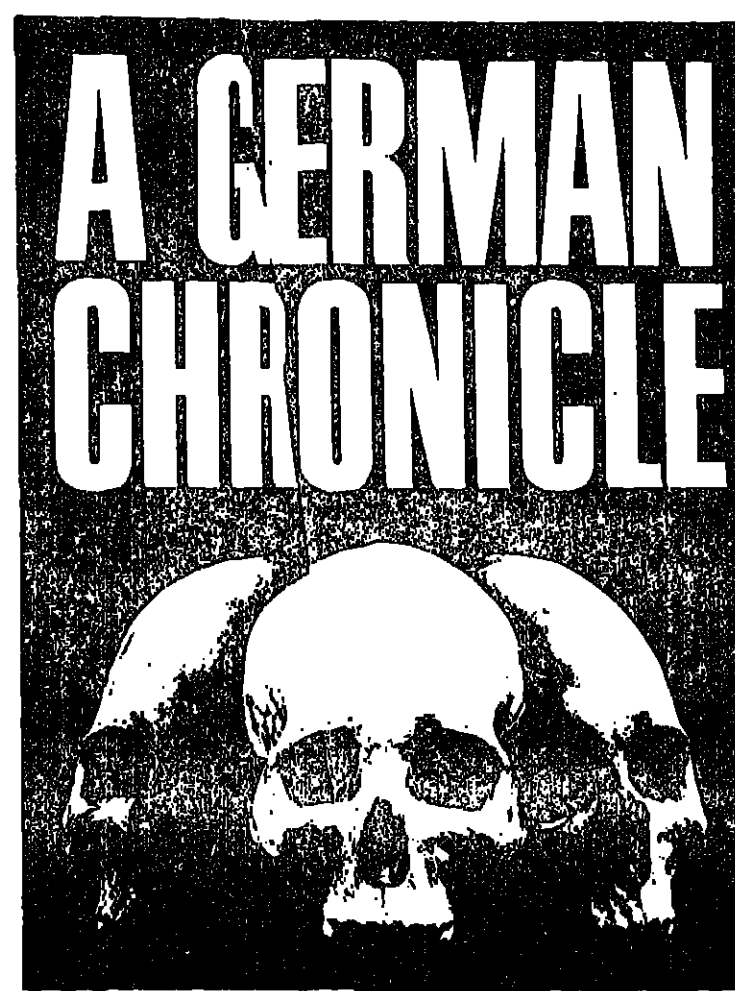
December 31, 1931 Himmler orders that all SS-men need the permission of a newly created Office for Racial Purity before marrying. Prof. Lenz praises this step.

January 30, 1933 Adolf Hitler becomes Chancellor. April 7, 1933 A law is passed dismissing all Jewish and half-Jewish civil servants.

July 14, 1933 Law for the mandatory sterilization of hereditary imbeciles, schizophrenics, manic-depressives, hereditary epileptics, and people suffering from severe alcoholism.

July 29, 1933 Prof. Fischer becomes rector of Berlin University and says in his inaugural address: "...the new government intervenes in the history and life of the nation... in a matter of the greatest urgency... a matter only recognized by men who think biologically."

June 25, 1934 Prof. Lenz, at a symposium on racial politics: "The way things are, only a minority of the population is such that their unre-



stricted procreation is of value to the race."

October 1, 1934 First course for doctors at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Anthropology, directed by Prof. Fischer.

September 15, 1935 The Nuremberg racial laws "for the protection of German blood and German honor" forbid marriages between Germans and Jews.

November 1936 The psychologist and psychiatrist Dr. Dr. (two doctorates) Ritter, with the help of the German Society for Research, begins research on gypsies under the sponsorship of the Health Ministry.

May 20, 1937 Frankfurt University professor Oskar von Verschuer writes to his colleague Prof. Fischer about "Proposals on practical steps of identifying Jews and partial Jews."



(Opposite page) Prof. Bruno Mueller-Hill. (This page, clockwise from above left) Prof. Hallervorden, who in 1942 dissected 30 brains of mentally ill people. Prof. Eugen Fischer, author of 'The Problem of Bastardization', 1913. Prof. von Verschuer examines twins, 1930.



September 1, 1939 Hitler starts World War II with his attack on Poland. On the same day he charges *Reichsleiter* Bouhler and Dr. Brandt, the head of all German physicians, to inaugurate a euthanasia programme designed to afford mercy death to sufferers of incurable diseases.

October 1939 The first questionnaires reach mental hospitals. They are to be evaluated and approved by professors of psychiatry Heyde, Mauz, Nietzsche, Panse, Pollisch, Reich, C. Schneider, Villinger, Zucker and another 39 doctors of medicine.

Remuneration is five Pfennig per questionnaire when there are more than 3,500 a month. If, however, there are fewer, the pay is 10 Pfennig a piece. The patient's death is noted by marking with a cross. A total of 283,000 questionnaires were issued for appraisal. At least 75,000 were marked with a cross by the medical appraisers.

January 1940 The strict regime prison at Brandenburg is the site of experiments with gas used to kill mental patients. Until September 1941 the gas supplied by IG Farben is used to kill a total of 70,723 mental patients at the hospitals at Grafeneck, Brandenburg, Bernburg, Hartheim, Sonnenstein and Hadamar.

July 1940 Dr. Jaspersen attempts to enlist the heads of university psychiatry departments in a joint protest against euthanasia. They do not respond. Prof. Ewald is the only one to join the protest.

August 3, 1941 Cardinal von Galen preaches a sermon in Muenster against the killing of mental patients. This is the high point of protests supported by both the Catholic and Protestant Churches and by many individuals.

September 3, 1941 First experiments with killing prisoners at Auschwitz by means of Zyklon B gas.

August 24, 1941 German mental hospitals discontinue the use of gas to kill patients. There are no written instructions to this effect. According to one source, 70,723 patients were killed by September of that year.

The period of "unobtrusive" euthanasia through starvation, over-medication and natural infection begins.

December 10, 1941 Himmler orders commissions composed of former euthanasia programme physicians to visit concentration camps and select weak and mentally or physically sick prisoners for death at the Sonnenstein and Hartheim killing institutes.

December 11, 1941 Germany declares war on the U.S.

Winter 1941-42 Dr. Dr. Ritter takes part in a conference where the possibility is considered of doing away with the 30,000 German gypsies by loading them on ships in the Mediterranean and then bombing these ships. When this is found impractical, it is proposed to ship them to somewhere in Poland in the depth of winter and expose them in open fields to death by freezing.

January 20, 1942 The first gas chamber is built at Auschwitz, followed by another in June. Zyklon B gas is supplied by the Degesch subsidiary of IG Farben.

January 14, 1942 Doctors and male and female nurses from the Hadamar and Sonnenstein mental hospitals take over the killing of Jews and gypsies at the Kulmhof (Chelmo) concentration camp.

January 20, 1942 The Wannsee conference, at which the final solution of the Jewish problem is decided, is attended by Hofmann, the director of the Reich Security Office, who is the director superior of anthropology professor B.K. Schultz.

February 4, 1942 Prof. von Verschuer succeeds the retiring Prof. Fischer as head of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Anthropology.

December 1942 Prof. Hallervorden, the director of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Brain Research, reports that during the summer he dissected 300 brains of mentally ill subjects.

Heidelberg University psychiatry professor C. Schneider at the Wiesloch Hospital examines the brains of idiots and epileptics after their death by euthanasia. He applies for permission to put to death further patients at his own hospital.

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February 2, 1943 The last German troops capitulate at Stalingrad. Many Germans begin to lose faith in a German victory.

March 23, 1943 The SS statistician Dr. Korherr reports to Himmler on the "final solution" of the Jewish problem. He writes that until January 1, 1943, a total of 2.4 million Jews have been deported for "special treatment."

March 23, 1943 Anthropology professor Eugen Fischer begins an article in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* with the sentence: "It is a rare and special good fortune for a theoretical science to flourish at a time when the reigning ideology welcomes it, and its findings can serve as immediate underpinnings of government action."

May 30, 1943 Dr. Dr. (of medicine and anthropology) Josef Mengele, a former assistant of Prof. Verschuer in Frankfurt and Berlin, takes up his duties as camp doctor in Auschwitz. He ends a typhus epidemic among the gypsies there by sending hundreds of them into the gas chambers.

June 7, 1943 The Koenigsberg gynecologist Prof. Clauberg reports to Himmler that the methods for the mass sterilization of women he has worked out through experiments at Auschwitz should enable a skilled physician to handle up to 1,000 women a day.

June 10, 1944 Prof. Fischer accepts an invitation to act as co-chairman of an anti-Jewish congress to be held in Cracow.

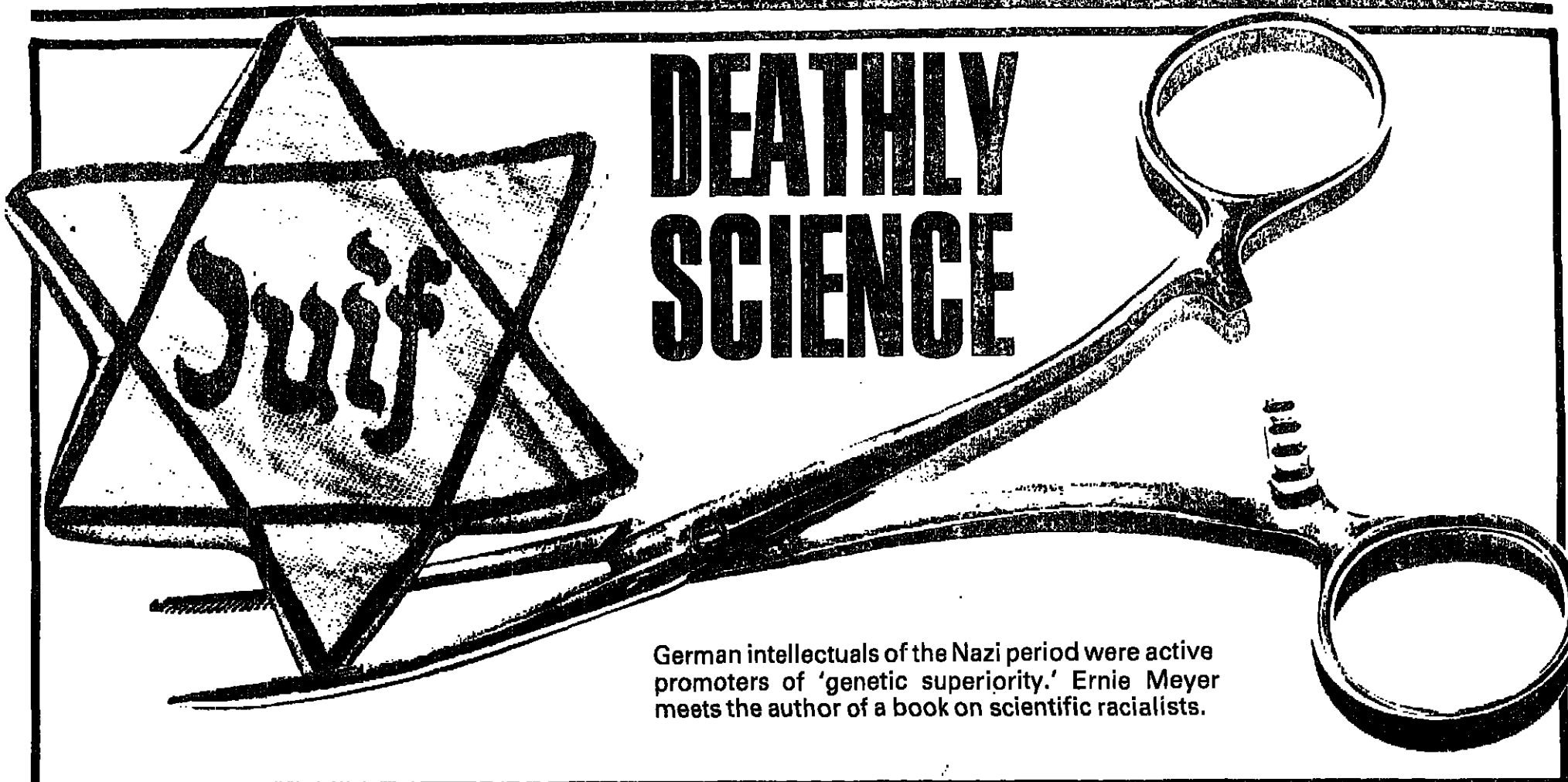
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April 25, 1953 Watson and Crick recognize and write about the three-dimensional structure of the inherited matter DNA, which was discovered in 1944. In genetics a stormy period of development begins.



German intellectuals of the Nazi period were active promoters of 'genetic superiority.' Ernie Meyer meets the author of a book on scientific racialists.

A GENETICS professor at Cologne University, Benno Mueller-Hill, has written a chillingly objective book documenting the hitherto largely ignored relationship between some branches of German science and the Nazi atrocities committed against certain minority groups.

It shows how Germany's anthropologists, psychiatrists and behavioural psychologists first paved the way for the sterilization of the mentally ill and later took part in killing them, and Jews and Gypsies as well.

Published by Rowohlt Pocket Books in Hamburg, the book is called *Toedilge Wissenschaft: Die Aussonderung von Juden, Zigeunern und Geisteskranken 1933-1945* (Deadly Science: The Elimination of Jews, Gypsies and the Mentally Ill, 1933-1945). It will soon be brought out in English by the Oxford University Press.

This article is not a review of the book but rather an attempt to present its essence. Except for an interview with Prof. Mueller-Hill, who was here as a guest of the Hebrew University recently, I follow the course of the book.

Its structure is somewhat unusual. The book opens with a 15-page "German chronicle of the identification, weeding out and destruction of foreign elements," covering the period 1900-1945. This is followed by the main body of 50 pages. After this comes an unusual section called "Gespraeche" (conversations), in which Mueller-Hill describes conversations with people who had actually been involved with the professors and institutions. There is an extensive documentation (14 pages), an index and a bibliography.

PROFESSOR Mueller-Hill, his wife and two children were invited here after Prof. Ya'akov Steiner of the Hebrew University Medical School read a review of the book in the British *Nature* magazine. The two-page review was by the eminent historian Hugh Trevor-Roper. Steiner ordered the book and was so impressed - or shocked - by it, that he persuaded the university rector to extend the invitation.

Mueller-Hill was here for 13 days, during which time he lectured on his book at the Academy of Sciences

and also conferred with fellow geneticists.

The *Nature* magazine review was the only one of the book to appear anywhere, Mueller-Hill said, except for one in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*. Nevertheless, the book has sold over 9,000 copies in Germany. He said that he had had no trouble in finding a publisher.

Before and after publication, there had been some threats of legal action, but nothing developed, he added. One academic, however, told him that he was lucky that he already was a professor, because after the book, he would never have attained that rank.

His work on the book, which involved frequent trips from Cologne

to the federal archives in Koblenz and to other libraries, was not sponsored by any organization. Most of the writing was done during a half-year sabbatical. "I was astonished that there was no other work on this particular subject," he said.

What had started him off on the subject, I asked Prof. Mueller-Hill. He told me of his background, which provided some clues.

He was born in 1933 in Freiburg-im-Breisgau, in southern Germany, where his father was a lawyer. His mother - Hill - was of Swedish origin.

He studied chemistry and later got his Ph.D. in biochemistry. From 1963 to 1968 he did research in molecular biology at the University

of Indiana at Bloomington, and at Harvard. "I was lucky to be associated with a group of researchers who had achieved a scientific breakthrough," he said modestly.

Following the U.S. period, he accepted an offer from the University of Cologne, where he is now a full professor. The Cologne Institute for Genetics was founded by Nobel Prize winner Max Delbrueck and is considered the best in Germany, he said.

BUT WHY had he bothered with the scientists of the Nazi period? "It's complicated," he replied. "In the U.S., I worked a lot with Jewish colleagues, who sensitized me to the subject."

He also mentioned his mother's Swedish background.

But, he said, the crucial event in this regard was perhaps something that happened when he was in the Hitlerjugend, the Hitler youth organization, at the age of 10. "I got into a small rebellion against our group leader, who was a cruel bully."

The youthful revolt had no political overtones and no serious consequences. Little Benno's father was in the army, he did not tell his mother, and in any case, most official records were destroyed in the heavy Allied bombing of Freiburg.

But apparently Mueller-Hill saw in the episode - which he spoke of with some emotion - an omen for the future.

He writes in the introduction to his book: "The blood of the millions of victims which has been spilled is being forgotten with the greatest alacrity. The recent history of these genetically thinking practitioners of the humanities is confused and full of crimes, like a bad dream. But from this dream many geneticists, anthropologists and psychiatrists have slid into the deep slumber of forgetfulness."

AS HE was gathering his material, Mueller-Hill thought that it would only be fair to let those participants in his story who were still alive tell their side of it. The prime movers were all dead, but he interviewed children of the leading professors, their assistants and laboratory assistants. Many of the survivors were professors themselves now.

"All those I asked for an interview

agreed, although some only after initial hesitation," Mueller-Hill said.

"I disclaimed the use of a tape recorder and wrote up the interviews from memory on my trip home. It was agreed that a transcript of the conversation would be sent to the interviewees for their correction. I did not want to print anything that was said in haste or that was open to misunderstanding."

About half of those interviewed did not return the manuscripts or expressly forbade their publication. Only 14 interviews were included in the book.

Mueller-Hill writes that he had expected to encounter evil people, whose names he knew only through his research. "But these old men and women whom I faced in their apartments now and whose hospitality I was enjoying, did not correspond to that image. None of them insisted that the measures taken during the Hitler era should be reinstated, although many still evinced understanding for the first steps taken then."

Not one of those interviewed incriminated himself. Most of them said that they knew nothing of the mass murder of German mental patients, Jews and Gypsies, and knew of nothing connecting their institutes with these matters. There had been no anti-Semitism in their circle; they had never been members of the Nazi Party, and if so, only joined because they had to. Some of their best friends had been Jews or half-Jews, and as pure scientists they had given little thought to the way things worked out.

"These conversations - including those I was not permitted to print - had a lasting influence on my attitude. While I may initially have thought of some of these people as typical, unpleasant minions of the past regime, I soon noticed that all of them, without exception, had areas of their personality which were unsullied by Nazism. On the contrary, among those who were most deeply involved with the party or the SS, I found personalities from whom I found it impossible to withhold my sympathy," Mueller-Hill writes.

"In science there can be no reconciliation, but there can be reconciliation between men of equal rights," he concludes in the introduction to his book.

A CHRONOLOGY of the identification, weeding out and destruction of foreign elements.

1900 The genetic theories of Gregor Mendel are rediscovered and strengthen scientists in their belief that man's spiritual and intellectual capabilities are largely inherited. Anthropologists and psychiatrists apply Darwin's theories of evolution to human history. They consider it their task to prevent the spread of "inferior" races and the increase of "inferior" elements within their own race. They find this necessary in view of the approaching decline of European culture.

1902 Dr. Weltmann founds the Political-Anthropological Review.

1904 Establishment of the Archive of Racial Research and a year later, the Society for Racial Hygiene by Dr. Ploetz.

1908 In the German colony of Southwest Africa, marriages between natives and Germans are forbidden.

1913 Prof. Eugen Fischer's book *The Rethrother History and the Problem of Bastardization in Humans* appears. He advocates that the progeny of mixed races (Germans and negroes) be given the protection due to an inferior racial group as long as they are useful. "Otherwise - free competition, which in my opinion means their destruction."

November 11, 1918 Germany has lost World War I and with that its colonies with its "inferior" negroes. At home, about half the inmates of mental hospitals have died of hunger and infectious diseases.

1920 Law professor Binding and psychiatrist Prof. Hoche publish their book *The Abandonment to Destruction of Life That is Unworthy of Living*.

1923 During his incarceration at Landsberg, Adolf Hitler reads the textbook by Baur, Fischer and Lenz, called *The Science of Human Heredity and Racial Hygiene*. He incorporates these ideas in his book *Mein Kampf*.

1927 The Kaiser Wilhelm Gesellschaft (Society) opens an institute for anthropology, human heredity and eugenics, headed by Prof. Eugen Fischer.

1931 Prof. Lenz writes in the third edition of the Baur-Fischer-Lenz textbook that: "Of course, one must deplore the one-sided anti-Semitism of the National Socialists, but it seems that such sentiments of antagonism are necessary in order to whip the masses into activity... There is no doubt about the sincerity of the National Socialists in their striving to keep the race pure... The problem of the quality of the nation's hereditary mass is a hundred times more important than the struggle between capitalism and socialism."

December 31, 1931 Himmler orders that all SS-men need the permission of a newly created Office for Racial Purity before marrying. Prof. Lenz prisms this step.

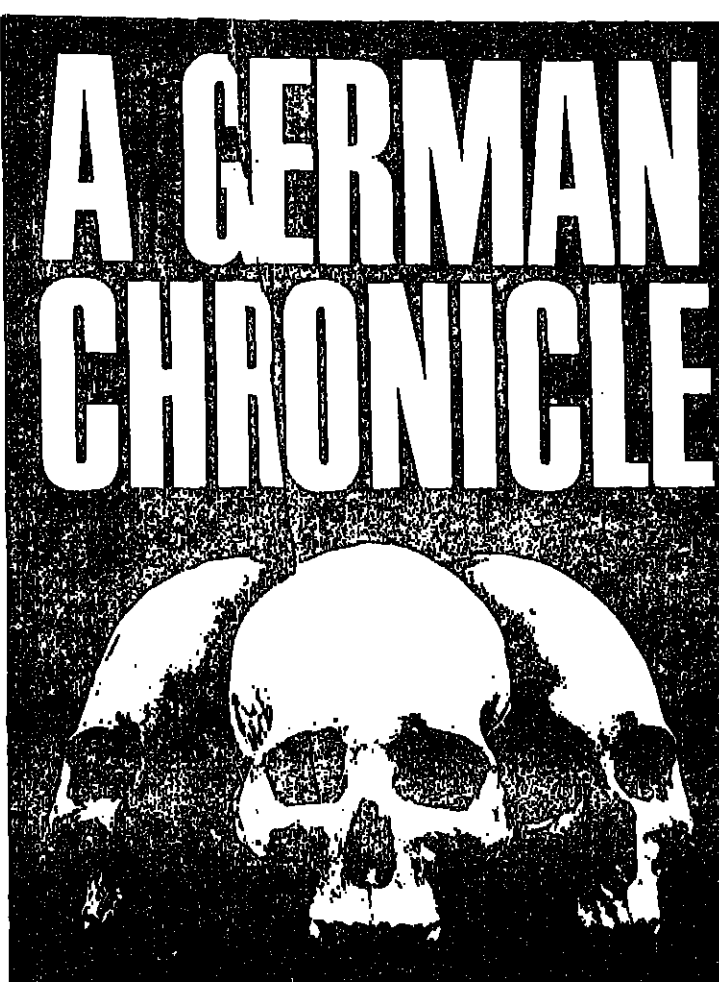
January 30, 1933 Adolf Hitler becomes Chancellor.

April 7, 1933 A law is passed dismissing all Jewish and half-Jewish civil servants.

July 14, 1933 Law for the mandatory sterilization of hereditary imbeciles, schizophrenics, manic-depressives, hereditary epileptics, and people suffering from severe alcoholism.

July 29, 1933 Prof. Fischer becomes rector of Berlin University and says in his inaugural address: "...the new government intervenes in the history and life of the nation... in a matter of the greatest urgency... a matter only recognized by men who think biologically."

June 25, 1934 Prof. Lenz, at a symposium on racial politics: "The way things are, only a minority of the population is such that their unre-



stricted procreation is of value to the race."

October 1, 1934 First course for doctors at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Anthropology, directed by Prof. Fischer.

September 15, 1935 The Nuremberg racial laws "for the protection of German blood and German honour" forbid marriages between Germans and Jews.

November 1936 The psychologist and psychiatrist Dr. Dr. (two doctorates) Ritter, with the help of the German Society for Research, begins research on gypsies under the sponsorship of the Health Ministry.

May 20, 1937 Frankfurt University professor Omar von Verschuer writes to his colleague Prof. Fischer about "Proposals on practical steps of identifying Jews and partial Jews."



(Opposite page) Prof. Bruno Mueller-Hill. (This page, clockwise from above left) Prof. Hallervorden, who in 1942 dissected 30 brains of mentally ill people. Prof. Eugen Fischer, author of 'The Problem of Bastardization', 1930. Prof. von Verschuer examines twins, 1930.



September 1, 1939 Hitler starts World War II with his attack on Poland. On the same day he charges *Reichsleiter* Bouhler and Dr. Brandt, the head of all German physicians, to inaugurate a euthanasia programme designed to afford mercy death to sufferers of incurable diseases.

October 1939 The first questionnaires reach mental hospitals. They are to be evaluated and approved by professors of psychiatry Heyde, Mauz, Nietzsche, Panse, Pohlisch, Reisch, C. Schneider, Villinger, Zucker and another 39 doctors of medicine.

Remuneration is five Pfennig per questionnaire when there are more than 3,500 a month. If, however, there are fewer, the pay is 10 Pfennig a piece. The patient's death is noted by marking with a cross. A total of 283,000 questionnaires were issued for appraisal. At least 75,000 were marked with a cross by the medical appraisers.

January 1940 The strict regime prison at Brandenburg is the site of experiments with gas used to kill mental patients. Until September 1941 the gas supplied by IG Farben is used to kill a total of 70,723 mental patients at the hospitals at Grafeneck, Brandenburg, Bernburg, Hartheim, Sonnenstein and Hadamar.

July 1940 Dr. Jaspersen attempts to enlist the heads of university psychiatry departments in a joint protest against euthanasia. They do not respond. Prof. Ewald is the only one to join the protest.

August 3, 1941 Cardinal von Galen preaches a sermon in Muenster against the killing of mental patients. This is the high point of protests supported by both the Catholic and Protestant Churches and by many individuals.

September 3, 1941 First experiments with killing prisoners at Auschwitz by means of Zyklon B gas.

August 24, 1941 German mental hospitals discontinue the use of gas to kill patients. There are no written instructions to this effect. According to one source, 70,723 patients were killed by September of that year.

The period of "unobtrusive" euthanasia through starvation, overmedication and natural infection begins.

December 10, 1941 Himmler orders commissions composed of former euthanasia programme physicians to visit concentration camps and select weak and mentally or physically sick prisoners for death at the Sonnenstein and Hartheim killing institutes.

December 11, 1941 Germany declares war on the U.S.

Winter 1941-42 Dr. Dr. Ritter takes part in a conference where the possibility is considered of doing away with the 30,000 German gypsies by loading them on ships in the Mediterranean and then bombing these ships. When this is found impractical, it is proposed to ship them to somewhere in Poland in the depth of winter and expose them in open fields to death by freezing.

January 20, 1942 The first gas chamber is built at Auschwitz, followed by another in June. Zyklon B gas is supplied by the Degesch subsidiary of IG Farben.

January 14, 1942 Doctors and male and female nurses from the Hadamar and Sonnenstein mental hospitals take over the killing of Jews and gypsies at the Kulmhof (Chelmno) concentration camp.

January 20, 1942 The Wannsee conference, at which the final solution of the Jewish problem is decided, is attended by Hofmann, the director of the Reich Security Office, who is the director superior of anthropology professor B.K. Schultz.

February 4, 1942 Professors Eugen Fischer and B.K. Schultz attend a meeting at the Ministry for the Eastern Areas, at which the *Verschrottung durch Arbeit*, literally, the junking through overwork, of the eastern (Slavic) nations is discussed.

November 1, 1942 Prof. von Verschuer succeeds the retiring Prof. Fischer as head of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Anthropology.

December 1942 Prof. Hallervorden, the director of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Brain Research, reports that during the summer he dissected 500 brains of mentally ill subjects.

Heidelberg University psychiatry professor C. Schneider at the Wiesloch Hospital examines the brains of idiots and epileptics after their death by euthanasia. He applies for permission to put to death further patients at his own hospital.

February 2, 1943 The last German troops capitulate at Stalingrad. Many Germans begin to lose faith in a German victory.

March 23, 1943 The SS statistician Dr. Korherr reports to Himmler on the "final solution" of the Jewish problem. He writes that until January 1, 1943, a total of 2.4 million Jews have been deported for "special treatment."

March 23, 1943 Anthropology professor Eugen Fischer begins an article in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* with the sentence: "It is a rare and special good fortune for a theoretical science to flourish at a time when the reigning ideology welcomes it, and its findings can serve as immediate underpinnings of government action."

May 20, 1943 Dr. Dr. (of medicine and anthropology) Josef Mengele, a former assistant of Prof. Verschuer in Frankfurt and Berlin, takes up his duties as camp doctor in Auschwitz. He ends a typhus epidemic among the gypsies there by sending hundreds of them into the gas chambers.

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FOLLOWING the main section of his book, Prof. Mueller-Hill includes a chapter in which he raises nine questions which he answers. Here is a brief summary.

The first question is why it was only in Germany that the Nazis took on such murderous forms?

Mueller-Hill says that German professors and their assistants were full of resentment and hatred against the reality of the Weimar Republic, blaming Jews and communists for their defeat in World War I. When Hitler came to power, psychiatrists and anthropologists saw in him the man who would help them carry out their ideas.

They had no real power, but their academic standing gave the Nazis programmes the authority and glamour of scientific research.

Also, as Alfred Krupp later testified at the Nuremberg trials: "Almost everybody profited from the anti-Semitic measures. The bothersome competition by Jewish doctors, lawyers and businessmen came to an end. Jewish property could be snapped up cheaply. The places of university professors and lecturers vacated by the Jews now became available to others who did not have a chance of advancement before."

But it was only at the outset and for propaganda purposes, that the myth of the "necessary" murder of all non-conformists needed the blessing of the scientists. What it required later was their technical help in carrying out the murders.

The Nazis were masters at obfuscation, often denying the savants a clear view of the situation. It was never entirely clear who decided what. Denunciation flourished. Professors denounced their colleagues, assistants did the same to their fellows and even to their institutes' caretakers. Everybody was everybody's enemy.

As a result, after the war everybody could claim with some justice that, at one time or another, he had fallen from the Nazis' grace and even been in danger.

Yet the documents prove, Mueller-Hill writes, that anybody who sincerely did not want to play the Nazis' game and take part in murder, could do so at little risk to himself, since others stood in line to fill newly vacant positions.

Scientists believe in objectivity and disdain value judgments. Killing mental patients? When there are good objective economic and ideological reasons sanctioned by the state, why not? If Jews and gypsies can be used for "scientific" experiments before their deaths, all the better.

Part of the "objectivity" was also the system of subdividing the killing process. The physician marking a questionnaire with the X sign that means death deals only with anonymous names, not with his own patients. And of course, he doesn't carry out the sentence.

Professors Schneider and von Verschuer did no killing to obtain the eyes, blood, internal organs and brains they wanted for their research. Others did that for them.

Dr. Dr. Mengele was rather an exception in this respect.

The German researchers in the fields of natural science and medicine lived in a world without values. Jewish values were not theirs and they did not recognize the Christian ones either. The enlightened ideas of the French Revolution had never been popular with them so, out of pure "objectivity," they were ready for anything.

Mueller-Hill's second question deals with the origin of anti-Semitism.

Here he develops the theory that hatred of the Jew served many German men as a substitute for their hidden dislike and fear of women



9 QUESTIONS TO GRAPPLE WITH

and their inability to understand their own sexuality. Of course, the German wife and mother could not be denigrated, so the Jew became the substitute.

The third question grapples with the problem why it was especially physicians who turned themselves into high priests of destruction?

Long before the advent of Nazism, they had exchanged their physicianhood for a form of priesthood. They were flattered and enthusiastic when they could come into their own under the Nazis.

The disgust felt in the presence of the mentally ill and of Jews was the central message of the publications of the SS and Party doctors. The geneticists among them thought they only needed to unravel the secret of genes to understand man, society and history; the psychiatrists, that they needed only to understand the structure of the brain to understand the world; and the behaviourists that they needed only to comprehend the animal reflexes in man.

But it was all a mistake. They never proved the biological heredity of mental disease, just as they did not prove that the spiritual and intellectual qualities of the various races were biologically passed on.

They were theologians of the cults of destruction. The Jews, schizophrenics and the gypsies became an insoluble riddle to them, to which their only solution was mass murder. The non-conformist was destined to

be a sacrifice to their cult of Baal. They would have sterilized Beethoven on account of his deafness. They would, after due examination, have gassed Hoelderlin because of his schizophrenia and Nietzsche because of his paralysis.

The Mosaic and Christian creeds were religions of the underdog. Marxism had likewise developed into a religion of the downtrodden of the world. Nazism, on the other hand, was a religion of masters and oppressors.

That is why anthropological trained physicians stood at the selection ramp in Auschwitz and with psychiatrists were ready to kill the patients or let them starve to death.

The fourth question deals with the need to keep the destruction of Jews and the mentally ill a secret.

The fascination of most people with the destruction of others was when they face piles of corpses. Only in a few was the desire to destroy so strong that they wanted to offstage in the holy-of-holiest of Gehenna fascism, at the ovens of Auschwitz. For the others, the secret was a necessity.

Everybody knew that the Jews and the mentally ill were being killed, but nobody dared speak of it. It was an open secret and had to remain as such. Hitler was the object of destruction. Whoever wanted to understand him, did so. Just as the full name of the divinity must not be pronounced, so the name of destruc-

tion must not be pronounced.

Hitler came to power because he made it possible for the German burghers to view their fantasies of destruction as a biologically-based science.

Hitler let the Germans act out their destructive urges, at the same time allowing them to say that they had acted under duress and had known nothing. He turned them back into little children, who forget so quickly that they can truthfully say that they had known nothing. In this Hitler was like the psychiatrists, who tried to reduce their patients to the state of irresponsible children, who remember nothing.

The fifth question is whether there was an original plan to destroy the Jews, gypsies and mentally ill defectives?

Mueller-Hill says that the question is not properly formulated. More important than any "overall plan" was the desire to destroy. This desire led to partial plans. Hitler gave licence to the secret and the open proponents of destruction. Everyone contributed what lay within his power: regulations, laws, official opinions - or actual murder. To take part in the process of destruction, one did not need to know the ultimate aim. It was enough to believe in it.

Question number six: Can there be a repeat performance of Nazism in Germany or elsewhere?

For the last 40 years, German



Beethoven (above) and Nietzsche (below): they probably would not have survived sterilization or euthanasia at a Nazi institute (left).



anthropologists and psychiatrists have been on the defensive. Their standard claim that they "knew nothing" has guaranteed them their present professorships, but has not made them popular among students. Who would be attracted to teachers who constantly proclaim that they did not know what was common knowledge, at the time and that the subject did not interest them?

Paradoxical as it may seem, the very fact that these ideological precursors of Nazism still occupy their teaching positions, has acted as a safeguard against a recurrence of Nazism. But once the pupils take over, will they one day, unencumbered by responsibility for the old murders, again call for sterilization and euthanasia?

"I fear that with the passing of the neutralized old generation the period of tolerance in the Federal Republic is coming to an end," writes Mueller-Hill.

What is missing is the central figure of a new Hitler. With all the problems of "foreigners" and "Turks" in West Germany and in Europe, he considers a recurrence possible, though not inevitable.

Question number seven: Should the experiments of cell researcher Prof. Hallervorden and of anthropologist Oskar von Verschuer be rejected because they were "bad science" or because they were carried out on the wrong subjects, that is, enslaved human beings?

It would be unjust to describe these experiments as bad science - if only they had been carried out on laboratory mice, Mueller-Hill says. Prof. Hallervorden's experiments on the brains of killed mentally ill subjects were carried out without reverence for the victims.

When Prof. von Verschuer started his Auschwitz research programme together with Dr. Dr. Mengele, he probably gave no thought to the innocent prisoners who were to act as guinea pigs and pay with their lives for the role. It will probably never be known how much Dr. Dr. Mengele told his mentor.

It is known, however, that Mengele told von Verschuer's wife and others about Auschwitz. Nevertheless, the professor supported the continuation of the experiments until January 1945, when the camp was liberated by the Russians, four months before the end of the war.

After the war, of course, von Verschuer insisted that he knew nothing, that Mengele had not been his assistant and therefore could not have worked with him.

The German professors cannot be divided into black and white groups. There were gradations of culpability. Professors Clauberg, C. Schneider and Hirt, all first-class scientists, committed suicide shortly after the war, thereby escaping not only legal retribution but also an analysis of their deeds. They had gone farther than Hallervorden and von Verschuer, since they frequently and knowingly caused the death of their human guinea pigs.

But even in their case, if they had only used real laboratory animals, their experiments would not have been "bad science."

The Deutsche Forschungsgemeinschaft (German Society for Research) which approved the scientific projects, put its trust in the experts. When the famed surgeon Prof. Sauerbruch approved Prof. von Verschuer's Auschwitz project, this was proof that the control system did not work.

To prevent a repetition of such breakdowns, there is only one hope, and that is full public disclosure and an end to all secrecy surrounding scientific efforts.

In what he describes as the most important question, Mueller-Hill asks about the meaning of the Hitler

area experiments for the disciplines of anthropology and psychiatry themselves.

He answers that in his opinion, the Nazi period shows serious defects in the disciplines themselves.

Mueller-Hill says that the German psychiatric journals of the years 1933-1945 should be made the subject of a careful study. It would probably take an entire book to expose the scientific charlatanism of the psychiatry of the period, he adds.

Now to the ninth and last question. Were there any exceptions to the generally dismal performance of German scientists?

Regarding the anthropologists and human geneticists, it can be said with certainty that none were essentially different from the ones described so far, Mueller-Hill writes. There were exceptions, like Prof. Schmidt, who rejected the racial concepts of his colleagues and redirected his research to the area of biological psychology. He left the job of giving scientific evaluations of patients (X means death) to his assistants. But even he maintained his silence after 1945.

"I did not know all of them," Mueller-Hill writes, "but that does not mean I could not have quoted them. I mentioned the more outstanding practitioners, in order to ward off possible reproach that I picked on second- and third-raters in the profession."

I know less about the psychiatrists. Prof. Kurt Schneider preserved his humaneness. Prof. Ewald came out publicly against sterilization and euthanasia. But all the others?

Even those who, during professional conferences, tried to brake the process of destruction, also gave it the patina of scientific authority in the last resort. An example of this is Prof. Villinger's stand that there was no need for a special law on asocials, since they could be adequately "handled" under the existing sterilization law. Another example is the opinion voiced by Prof. Mauz, who demanded an observation period of five years, rather than only two, before deciding to kill schizophrenics.

"I have found no document written by a psychiatrist against the practice of euthanasia," writes Mueller-Hill. One practitioner, Dr. H. Jaspers, vainly tried to organize a protest by university professors. No psychiatrist was dismissed from his position because he opposed the general policy. No psychiatrist is known to have belonged to any resistance circle.

No psychiatrist accompanied his patients on their last way. They were not martyrs. The better ones among them saw themselves as eye-witnesses, who silently rejected what they saw, but never talked about it. Their colleagues were closer to them than their patients.

The hope of mankind was not with the German scientists, but with their rebelling victims, writes Mueller-Hill. "I do not shy away from calling the murderers murderers, even if the courts of the Federal Republic decided that they were only dealing with a case of manslaughter (after the expiry of the statute of limitations) as in the trial of Dr. Borm, the former director of a liquidation institute. Or as in the case of Dr. Dr. Ritter, the academic organizer of the genocide of the gypsies."

All moral disapproval is meaningless, unless it is based on solid knowledge and a sustained burning anger, Mueller-Hill writes.

Curiously, he concludes with a quotation from Jewish sources, the well-known passage in Ethics of the Fathers (1:14): "If I am not for myself, who is; and if I am only for myself, what am I; and if not now, when?"

(Next week: What became of the scientists.)

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FROUMINE

هذا من الاصل

City of light

Findhorn, a spiritual "kibbutz" in northern Scotland, has attracted people from 29 countries - including Israel. Daniel Gavron reports.



ELI AND GABI Lasch aspire to create a "centre of light" in Safad; Levia Shenkin is determined to found a "spiritual community" near Ein Gedi; Kalanit Barson was involved in several attempts to establish "New Age" communities in Israel. I met them last month in Findhorn, a remarkable community situated on the bleak northeast coast of Scotland, 10 miles east of Inverness.

Eli, who retired after running the pediatric services in the Gaza Strip on behalf of the Israeli Health Ministry for 13 years, clearly felt the need to get away from it all. But he prefers to stress the positive rather than the negative motivation. "At Findhorn you are bathed in love and warmth," he said. "The time has come for Israel to heal itself."

He is working in the community kitchen, and writing a new interpretation of the Bible from a "New Age perspective." His wife, Gabi, a goldsmith, works in the maintenance branch and is learning to sculpt.

Kalanit, originally from the United States, lived on a moshav and in Carmiel. She has been fascinated by the Scottish community ever since someone sent her a book about it. She visited Findhorn several times before coming to live there more or less permanently. "For the time being I see my place here," she said, "but one of my tasks is to maintain contact with Israel."

Levia, a young American woman, has visited Israel six times. "Ein Gedi has always been a sacred site," she enthused. "Even before the Essenes, there was a prehistoric sanctuary there. It is close to the core of the earth."

Daniel Burstyn, another American, also arrived in Findhorn by way of Israel. He studied at a kibbutz *ulpan* and worked with children in Safad. Apart from "being challenged" by the way the kibbutz

reacted to the arrival of his non-Jewish girlfriend, Daniel was upset by what he saw as the kibbutz members' lack of respect for the plants and animals with which they worked.

These are only some of the Israelis who have passed through Findhorn in recent years. Several members of Harduf, the Galilee kibbutz about which I wrote last summer, have also spent varying periods of time there.

Findhorn, with its atmosphere of universality, tolerance and tranquillity, clearly has a special attraction for Israelis. Says Eli: "In a way it is the opposite of Israel. There are none of the pressures; you leave your anger and frustration behind."

The Findhorn Foundation, to give it its full title (and to distinguish it from the nearby village of the same name), was started in 1962 by Peter and Eileen Caddy and Dorothy Maclean, who believe they were sent there at the direct command of God.

A FEW years earlier, Caddy had lost his job as manager of the nearby Cluny Hill Hotel (since purchased by the foundation) and he and his wife spent some time wandering around Britain in a caravan. They both had a strong spiritual bent from their youth; but it was while meditating in Glastonbury Church that Eileen first heard an "inner voice," which said: "Be still. Know that I am God."

From then on, the Caddys obeyed the divine commands, transmitted directly to Eileen. And with their three children and their friend Dorothy Maclean, they moved their caravan into the Findhorn Caravan Park (also subsequently acquired by the foundation) and began to cultivate a remarkable garden.

If Eileen had direct access to the deity, it was Dorothy who made contact with the "angels of the plant

kingdom," who gave instructions for the creation and care of the garden. Among the amazing variety of vegetables and flowers grown on the bare, sandy soil were "incredible 18-kilo cabbages, two-metre high fougues, and marrows large enough to last a fortnight."

As Findhorn's fame grew, and people swarmed to visit the community, the emphasis changed "from plant growth to human growth." Modern Findhorn grows only a small percentage of its own food, and 80 per cent of its income is from its various guest schemes and educational programmes.

Today, 24 years later, the Findhorn Foundation has grown to embrace the caravan park, the Cluny Hill Hotel (renamed the Cluny Hill College), two manor-houses, a former railway station and the Hebridean island of Erraid. It has some 250 permanent residents, and about 4,000 people attend their various guest programmes every year. Its balance sheet, after some wobbly moments in the late 1970s, is firmly in the black.

A registered charity, the foundation currently has an annual turnover of nearly \$1 million. Whatever else it is - and on this there are many opinions - Findhorn is clearly big business.

WE ARRIVED at Findhorn after a drive through the spectacular beauty of a Scottish autumn. The grey skies and lush green pastures contrasted with the rust-coloured bracken, the purple heather and the blazing red, yellow and orange of the deciduous trees. Along the eastern shore of Loch Ness we saw no signs of the monster; it is, nevertheless, an enchanted country where anything seems possible.

"Of course," agreed Findhorn's founder, Peter Caddy, smoothly, in response to my observations on the

countryside. "That is why we were guided here."

It was a lucky break (though not regarded as such in Findhorn, where everything is regarded as ordained). Caddy no longer lives in Findhorn; but he was there on a visit, which enabled us to get the Findhorn story straight from the horse's mouth.

Findhorn has a distinctly kibbutz ambience; but the comfortable, carpeted communal dining hall is populated by a more obviously intellectual crowd than one meets at a modern kibbutz. It is a cross between a *hadar achel* and a dons' common room at an Oxbridge college. Beards, bald heads and spectacles are much in evidence. Findhorn is a very middle-class affair, and the few working-class boys, there on a special educational project for unemployed youth, stick out like sore thumbs.

Over our vegetarian lunch (tasty cheese pie and plenty of salad), Caddy, who now lives in California, outlines his view of Findhorn, past and present. Large, blond, balding, with piercing blue eyes, a former Royal Air Force officer, he is jovial and articulate: clearly a charismatic leader.

The world is moving out of the Piscean Age into the Age of Aquarius, he explains. The Piscean Age, whose cradle was the Mediterranean and the Atlantic seaboard, was activist, virile, masculine; it has brought the world to the edge of destruction. The Aquarian Age, born in the Pacific, is feminine, intuitive, loving.

This does not mean that we are moving into a matriarchal society, but that the New Age will have a balance between masculine and feminine elements. Women are moving into every occupation and role; but they will not dominate.

The end of the Piscean era is characterized by "the sunset effect."

A burst of fundamentalism in Christianity, Islam and Judaism represents the dying splendour of the previous era. The destruction that is happening in the world today is news on television and radio and in the newspapers; but the media are not reporting the building that is quietly going on everywhere.

FINDHORN and similar communities around the world, says Caddy, are precursors of the New Age, where man will learn to live in harmony with his fellows and with nature. The age of competition will be replaced by an era of cooperation.

Findhorn is located in a position of great cosmic power, he says. There are a number of such spots in Britain - such as Glastonbury, where Eileen heard her first voice - and the Temple Mount in Jerusalem is an important power spot.

All religions are valid, Caddy believes, but not the fundamentalist versions. Buddhists, Muslims, Jews and the different Christian Churches coexist with atheists at Findhorn, and there are no quarrels between their followers. In due course, a universal planetary religion and culture will emerge.

Findhorn, he explains, is like a child. The first seven years were focused on physical growth: the garden, the buildings and so on. The next seven years were devoted chiefly to emotional development. Seven years of acquiring mental clarity followed, and now the time has come to radiate outwards to the rest of the world.

Looked at another way: what started as a family, evolved into a community, is now being transformed into a "global village," and will eventually become a vast "City of Light."

Caddy himself left Findhorn in 1979, leaving his wife behind and going to Hawaii with a young

Post entertainment guide

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL

FEW immigrant groups have ever influenced a popular and powerful new art form the way Jewish immigrants to the United States influenced early American film. *The Jazz Singer*, which revolutionized the movie industry with its use of sound, was so quintessentially Jewish that Warner Brothers had to print a programme explaining the meaning of words like *kibitzer* and *shiksa*. Even before that, the American silent films that played from 1903-1928 highlighted Jews far more than their relatively small numbers and low status would seem to justify.

Next Sunday (February 1), the Centre For Jewish Film at the Jerusalem Cinematheque begins screening 26 of these silent films of Jewish interest it has acquired. The films, which will be playing at the Jerusalem and Tel Aviv cinematheques through late February, range from short 30-second, vaudeville skits from the turn of the century to two-hour melodramas from the 1920s.

"What these films really document is the assimilation of the American Jews,"

Focus
Andy Court

said Paula Weiman-Kelman, assistant curator of the Centre For Jewish Film. "They offered America an image of what the Jews were, while at the same time providing Jews with images of what they could be."

Particularly revealing is the attitude towards intermarriage. "Most of the films we're screening have an intermarriage in them," Weiman-Kelman said. "There might be a conflict about this in the beginning, but it's usually resolved in the end with the parents accepting it."

What is also striking is the extensive role Jews played in producing these films. By the mid-1920s, all but one of the major motion picture studios were owned by Jewish immigrants who were part of the process of assimilation and upward mobility that their films depicted. "These guys with



heavy accents, just off the boat, were putting the American dream on film," Weiman-Kelman said.

THE EARLIEST SILENT films the cinematheques will be showing would not be available at all were it not for an antiquated U.S. copyright law. The nitrate film that early cinematographers used did not keep well, and thus a great many of those early works either disappeared or were damaged beyond repair. In the 1930s, however, rolls of still photographs which looked like movie shots were discovered in the basement of the U.S. Library of Congress. The rolls were there because the only way to copyright a film until 1912 was to photograph the individual frames of the film as still photographs.

The "Paper Prints" project, which began under the auspices of Hollywood's Academy of Motion Picture Arts, spent over a decade rephotographing these still photographs onto movie film. When they were done they had restored some 3,000 titles from the early history of American film.

As a result, the cinematheque now has copies of some of Thomas Edison's work, including exotic shorts about Palestine with titles such as *Jewish Dance at Jerusalem* and *Herd of Sheep On The Road To Jerusalem*.

Among these early films are vaudeville sketches which rely heavily on ethnic humour. Jews are generally portrayed as big-nosed, dark-haired scheming merchants or pawnbrokers.

Perhaps the most successful of the scheming merchants was a character named Cohen. In *Cohen's Advertising Scheme* (1904), he demonstrates his generosity by providing a pauper with a free coat. On the back of the coat, however, is an advertisement for Cohen's store.

In *Cohen's Fire Sale* (1907), Cohen cleverly recoups his loss on some damaged merchandise by tying a kerosene lamp to his cat's tail, burning down his store, collecting his insurance money, and then holding a "Fire Sale." The actors who portray Cohen and his wife wear enlarged fake noses and when they try to kiss at the end of the film, their noses get in the way.

But what is surprising is not the existence of these film prejudices but the speed with which they start to disappear, Weiman-Kelman said. In D.W. Griffith's *Old Isaac The Pawnbroker* (1908), for example, the stereotypical Jew is transformed into a much more sympathetic character. The pawnbroker helps a distressed girl who comes to his shop to hock her doll in order to aid her ailing mother.

In at least one instance, Jews were able to alter their image on film. In 1916, B'nai B'rith's Anti-Defamation League discovered that Griffith's film *Intolerance* included a scene which showed Jews crucifying Jesus. The Anti-Defamation League protested, and the director agreed to burn the negatives and reshoot the scene with the Romans taking the Jews' place.

THE FILMS of the 1920s generally take a very "melting pot" view in which assimilation is seen as a desirable goal. (Continued on Page B)

Images of Jews



Early American films such as *The Jazz Singer* (top) and *The Younger Generation* (above) portrayed Jews becoming "real Americans," offering them "images of what they could be." (Museum of Modern Art Film Stills Library)

FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1987

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

A

Dance Dora Sowden

IT IS to the credit of the Dance Library of Israel that on the 10th anniversary of the death of Baruch Agadati it has issued the beautifully made and illustrated book: *Agadati: The Pioneer of Modern Dance in Israel*. Published by Sifriat Poalim, it is edited by Giora Manor, adviser to the Dance Library, who has contributed an essay entitled *The Multicoloured Boots of Baruch Agadati*. It also includes an excellent essay by Ya'acov Kopelewitz (Yeshurun Keshet). The text is in both Hebrew and English.

About the book as a whole and the many pictures there hangs a tale. The original was printed in 1925 when Agadati, 30, was living in pre-Israel.

This new printing (it is more than a reproduction) contains besides the two essays, more pictures - among them one of Agadati taken shortly before his death.

However, the biographical details in the English essays do not go far enough.

In *The Jerusalem Post* (Jan. 21, 1979) Helga Dudman gives more details. She lived next door to Agadati's brother Yitzhak and his wife Tzila, and she says that Agadati taught dance at the Herzliya Gymnasium and gave private ballet lessons.

The story goes that when he worked for a time in the Petah Tikvah groves, he got malaria, that he was expelled by the Turks to Alexandria (no reason given) and that he went back to Russia to his family. As the outbreak of World War I prevented his return, he studied ballet and danced with the Odessa Opera company.

Manor tells some good stories, among them, that, born Boris Kaushanski (others say Karushanski) in Bessarabia, he came to Jerusalem at the age of 15 to study art at the Bezalel school, calling himself Baruch Ben-Yehuda. He gave up that name when his dancing (showing too much nudity) offended Eliezer Ben Yehuda, and became Agadati when he was introduced to Bialik as "legendary."

When he died in 1976, at 81, he

had not danced for 40 years but in his dancing days he had made himself known both here and in Europe where he performed in several cities "with wild success," and was painted in Paris by such artists as Natalia Goncharova and Moise Kisling.

Besides the essay in this book, Keshet had written extensively about Agadati as dancer (though not all critics were as enthusiastic) and from this and the many illustrations he appears as handsome and charismatic.

After the war, he returned here, bringing his parents, two brothers and a sister in 1919. Thereafter he danced solo in fantastic costumes and developed his own forms of Jewish dance - Yemenite, Hassidic and Agadatish. He started Purim parties in 1921 at the Eden Cinema in Tel Aviv and this led him to the *Adloyada* - though the origin of the street carnivals is also attributed to Moshe Halevy at the Ohel Theatre.

With his brother Yitzhak and director Avigdor Hameiri he made the first Hebrew talking film *This is the Land*, which premiered in 1935. It was a story with some historical footage - not about dance.

Undoubtedly, Agadati was a local dance pioneer, but his contribution was both more spectacular and less solid than is claimed. The reason was that he was a man of so many parts, and for many years a man-about-town as well as a dancer.

An exhibition of Agadati paintings was held in the Helena Rubinstein Pavilion in Tel Aviv (1961) and at the Alwyn Gallery, London in the 1970's. At the Rubin House in Tel Aviv (1985) the exhibits included costumes designed by Reuven Rubin who had been a classmate of Agadati's at Bezalel.

Agadati's search for a style among ethnic sources and within himself for the pabulum of dance did leave a romantic legend, no less valuable because it was only a peduncle in the early flowering of dance in Israel.

THE RAFAEL AGUILAR Spanish Dance Theatre will come to Israel in February under the auspices of the Spanish Embassy.

O PIONEER



Agadati - "handsome and charismatic," he danced solo, developed his own forms of Jewish dance and performed with wild success.

An extraordinary soloist is Daphne Had, whose body was capable of a flexibility that we called contortionism in my early years but never lost the quality of dance. Her choreography carried reminders of dances by Sally Anne Friedland.

Though a pretty little girl mimed her transformation into a clown puppet and another cheeky one spoke lines like "That boy there - he is me (or I?)" the merit of the performance was in the togetherness, precision and discipline of the display.

What was lacking was an abiding indication that these lively children could do other things besides show-biz chorus lines. Their animation translated itself mainly into an eagerness to dazzle - with diagrammatic designs, cartwheeling, somersaulting, bottom swinging - and luminous paint.

Such outlets for high spirits are all to the good, but what about a little gentler grace? The overall impression was of music that was mostly beat and movement that goes with such sound. Even a half minute of the Paganini Rhapsody No.24 underwent jazzification.

AS A Tuesday lunch-hour "concert," the Rubin Academy Dance Department gave a programme of samples from various styles taught at the Academy. The venue was the Wise Auditorium of the Givat Ram campus of the Hebrew University (January 13).

Most impressive was the modern "class" directed by Rena Gluck, especially the Martha Graham technique that the students demonstrated in a progressive series of exercises as interesting as choreography.

Dr. Eyal Almagor gave a short talk about the Feldenkrais methods of movement, getting the audience to participate. Elyna Cohen, who teaches movement based on the Noa Eshkol technique and the Eshkol-Wachman notation system, gave explanations and students performed some of the "dances."

The programme ended with a performance of a work choreographed by Paul Bloom, inspired by Goyan art and Albeniz music.

Focus (continued from page A)

able goal and where intermarriage is a solution rather than a tragic cause. And unlike Yiddish movies which tended to evoke nostalgia for the old country and a sense of the trauma of the immigrant experience, the American silent films are, as a whole, more upbeat in their view of the new land.

Hungry Hearts (1922), for example, depicts a Jewish woman who scrimps and saves to have enough money to paint her kitchen white, only then to have her landlord raise the rent because the apartment is now worth more. Enraged, she takes an axe to her new, white kitchen.

In a scene like that you feel the trauma of being a new immigrant," Weiman-Kelman said. "But then a young lawyer comes and there's a scene in court where the landlord is punished. The film ends with this happy vision of America, the little house with the picket fence and everybody sitting on the porch in rocking chairs."

When in Burton King's *None So Blind* (1923), the family patriarch finally gives his consent to his grand daughter's marriage out of the faith. The written narration informs us that "it has ever been since the beginning of time, misunderstanding and hate are after all, but people barriers that love will surely burn away."

But though love crossed all boundaries of Jewish tradition in the cinema, the off-screen reality was very different. Less than two per cent of the Jewish immigrant population intermarried, according to Patricia Erens in her book *The Jew in American Cinema*. Most of the Jewish movie moguls, however, did divorce their Jewish wives and remarry out of the faith, and it is perhaps this reality that the movies portray.

THOUGH it is actually a sound film, *The Jazz Singer* is included as the last of the silent films the Cinematheque will screen because it encapsulates many of the Jewish themes of the silent era. The film begins with the young jazz singer being caught by his father, the cantor, singing jazz in a saloon on Yom Kippur eve. The boy runs away from home, turning his back on the five generations of cantors who have preceded him in his family, as he pursues his career as a jazz singer. But towards the end of the film, he comes home and gives up a Broadway debut in order to sing *Kol Nidre* in the place of his dying father. And thus the jazz singer, Al Jolson, sings *Kol Nidre* for the American people. "It's amazing when you think that people from the Midwest who had never seen a Jew were watching this," Weiman-



In *His People* (1925) the parents are distressed by their children's desertion, one for the boxing ring, the other for an assimilated woman.

Kelman said. By singing in temple and later getting a second chance for his Broadway debut, the jazz singer is able to reconcile (outrageously) both his heritage and his ambitions. But he still ends up marrying his Irish sweetheart. He has, as Erens points out in her book, "successfully persuaded his mother of the right to live his life as he sees fit."

"Henceforth in Hollywood," Erens concludes, "emotion and independence will permanently replace duty and tradition in the depiction of Jewish family life."

TO WHAT extent the silent cinema shaped American Jewish attitudes and to what extent it simply reflected them is a scholarly dispute difficult to quantify. But the later films convey a spirit of assimilation and optimism, a sense of possibility in a land far removed from the shtetl which still says something about American Jewry today.

"When you watch these films you realize how the American immigrant experience was essentially different from anything encountered by Jews in other countries," Weiman-Kelman said. "The films portrayed Jews becoming 'real Americans' and in many ways it turned out to be true."

Between acts

ON A STAGE in Beersheba, a group of actors are polishing a scene. Their wardrobe runs to pinstripes and fedoras, their gestures are part Cagney and part Corleone. This could be any one of a dozen old mobster matinees - but for the language, which turns out to be a kind of snap-brim, Rodgers-and-Hart Hebrew. And for the script, which turns out to be Shakespeare.

Settled in the darkness of the empty theatre, British director Robert Walker, no less than his actors, takes evident relish in the production's wry salad of genres. Nearly two months in rehearsal, the Beersheba Municipal Theatre's *The Taming of the Shrew* is now performed with assurance and wit, and its imported director can afford to look back on the production's birth with blunt, good-humoured horror.

"It was a nightmare for the first couple of weeks," Walker recalls. "The practical problems of rehearsals were enormous. I decided that if I couldn't learn Hebrew, I would try to learn exactly what they were saying up there. Because otherwise they might as well be talking gibberish."

"My amazing assistant, Gila Lang, gave me a word-by-word translation of the translation - back into English. So my script had both, the *Ivrit* going one way, of course, the English going the other. It wasn't even proper English, but it was the words exactly as they were being spoken."

"After that initial struggle of looking and following, looking and following, I knew what they were saying, and I'd begin to hear music in it. Then the real work began."

THE PRODUCTION, which is now being previewed, features an entirely new Hebrew translation by Ehud Manor, the Renaissance Man of Israeli popular culture.

"He's a brilliant lyricist," says Walker of Manor, "and that's given him the ability to produce what seems to me is a very clear, fast, colloquial, funny translation. He's made great efforts, obviously, to be as close to Shakespeare as he could, and he has the lyricist's skill of avoiding what you see in lots of languages - a translation 30 per cent longer than the original play."

A veteran of nearly three decades on the British stage, the 43-year-old Walker has also directed plays throughout Europe, including a production of *As You Like It* in German. Commenting on the general view that Shakespeare's works constitute something of a universal language, Walker smiles. "In Germany, they told me they consider Shakespeare to have been one of their greatest playwrights."

Do Israeli actors understand the Bard's universal language differently from their British counterparts? "The peculiar thing," replies Walker, "is that in Shakespeare's plays there are all sorts of inconsistencies, things happening out of order, characters talking about things they couldn't possibly know yet."

"I think the English consider the little inconsistencies a welcome part of the richness and the absurdity of it all. Here, though, there's a tendency to protest, 'Oh, no. We can't say that.' But I tell them, 'That's what it says, let's play it.'"

At the same time, Walker continues, "I'm against any kind of

GANGLAND

Bradlee Burston



Salad of genres - contemporary dress in a Mafia milieu - for Beersheba Theatre's *The Shrew*. (Yuval Long)

academic approach to Shakespeare. It seems to me that Billy, as we call him, should be treated as a contemporary author, not as Holy Writ or the Tora. He comes into the company with his play, and he has to argue his case."

"The theatre's very pragmatic, anyway. What works, works, and what doesn't, you have to find a solution for - cut it maybe, or turn it round. I do respect the text, but I try to treat it as I would an absolutely modern play."

IF ISRAELI actors seem more literal-minded than British Shakespearians, Walker finds Israeli audiences more readily given to the willing suspension of disbelief.

Having directed a Habimah production last year, he observes, "In a very positive way, Israeli audiences are much more naive. They accept a story, it seems to me, in a much more direct way than English audiences, and I've found this refreshing and rather nice."

In Walker's view, London audiences tend to be cynical and treat physical humour and slapstick - special loves of his - with polite disdain. "But people here just have a laugh, and I love that. They don't prejudice the jokes. They're there to have a good time."

"Also, I don't think audiences here are particularly affected by the critics. In the West End and on Broadway, critics can kill a show, or decide to let it live. Here, people don't seem to take all that much notice."

About his choice of a gangland milieu for *The Shrew*, Walker remarks, "The play is really about

social order. Of course, it's also a love story - these people obviously love each other very much - but the idea of rank, of its importance to the social order, is very important to the play."

"It's also very important in the Mafia, with the godfather, his family, the daughters, the bosses and the hoods that operate, as it were, on the ground. I set the play in that world to try to make the visual picture a clear reflection of rank."

"It's not a real Mafia world, because I don't know all that much about the Mafia. It's more a Mafia of the mind, really. Mark Hessman's performance as Batista was inspired by Marlon Brando in *The Godfather*, and he's quite remarkable at it."

"Because *The Shrew* is quite a domestic play, unlike the historical plays," Walker concludes, "the Mafia themes of family, church-going, marrying the boss's daughter and the like reinforce the Shakespearean world."

"There are purists in England who say you should only do Shakespeare in doublet and hose. It seems to me there's something illogical about that, since when these plays were first staged, actors wore contemporary dress. For people today to see a play in contemporary clothes is a very different experience from going to the theatre and seeing cod-pieces and the like."

The break in rehearsal ends. On the stage, the lights come up again. Robert Walker finds a new vantage-point and sits down, taking notes from left to right as elegant rhymes and inspired puns shoot past in a breakneck, tommygun staccato. And from right to left.

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EXHIBITIONS

New York Now — Six new-generation artists active in New York City representing recent trends from East Village Galleries — (Gutman-Schwartz Hall).

Jews of Göteborg — Photographs and items of the Jews of Göteborg, Sweden, during the first half of the twentieth century — (Irane and Davide Sala Wing).

Alvar Aalto, 1898 - 1970 Master of Finnish Architecture and Design — A detailed survey of his architectural and product designs (Palevsky Design Pavilion).

New Painting Acquisitions — Auguste Renoir, Portrait of M. Lestrinquois, 1878 and Pablo Picasso, Portrait of an Adolescent, 1905 at the Floerheimer Pavilion.

Joshua Berkovsky: Mirrors, The Garden — Small primordial landscapes of this young Israeli artist (Barbara and Isidore M. Cohen Gallery).

"Rego Group" — The first in a series of group "Fresh Paint" shows representing trends among young Israeli artists (Ayala Zacks Abramov Pavilion).

Kakemono — 400 years of Japanese Porcelain Tradition, courtesy of the Embassy of Japan (Salma Picciotto Gallery for Asian Art).

Bethlehem Embroidery — Dresses and costume parts showing the development of this regional style (Margulies Hall).

Ancient Glass — Featuring the Museum's latest acquisitions (Ellyahu Dobkin Pavilion of Ancient Glass).

Photography in Nature — Presentation from the students of the summer photography program (Ruth Youth Wing).

Animals in Ancient Art — The Leo Mildenberg Collection, spanning 5,000 years from the countries of the Mediterranean Basin — The Archaeological (Rockefeller) Museum.

Islamic Art — Paley Center (Opposite Rockefeller Museum).

Big and Small — Relative size in life, art and the children's world (Ruth Youth Wing).

Jewels of Children's Literature — celebrating the 10th anniversary of the Ben-Yitzhak Award — outside Youth Wing library.

Art in Context — Audio Visual program of development of Israel Art (Sperus Hall).

Permanent exhibitions of Archaeology, Judaica, Ethnic Art and Shrine of the Book with the Dead Sea Scrolls.

EVENTS

Tues. Jan. 27 at 7 pm ANNA TICHIO: Gallery Talk in Hebrew with Ela Regav at the Ticho House.

Wed. Jan. 28 at 6 pm CULTURAL RISK in the AGE of ACCESS: Lecture in English by Dr. Norbert Baer, Director of the Institute of Fine Arts in New York.

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Feinstein Recycling Room Mon. Wed. 2 - 5 pm, Tues. 4 - 7 pm.

Monday at 5 pm: Free Lessons and Demonstration by Michael Ben-Dov at the Feinstein Recycling Room.

GUIDED TOURS (IN ENGLISH)

Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. 11:00, Sun. 15:00, Tues. 16:30

Archaeology Galleries: Mon. 15:00 Judaica-Heritage: Thurs. 15:00

Shrine of the Book: Sun. 13:30, Tues. 15:00

Rockefeller Museum: Sun. & Fri. at 11:00.

VISITING HOURS

Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. 10 am - 5 pm, Tues. 4 pm - 10 pm; (Shrine of the Book: Tues. 10 am - 10 pm; Fri. & Sat. 10 am - 2 pm; Art Garden 10 am - sunset).

Dept. of Travelling Exhibitions: Sun. Tues. Thurs. 11 am - 1 pm.

Rockefeller Museum: Sun. - Thurs. 10 am - 5 pm; Fri. & Sat. 10 am - 2 pm.

TICHO HOUSE 7 Harar Kook St. Hours same as the Museum. Saturdays and holidays closed.

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Theatre Naomi Doudai

LITTLE EYOLF by Henrik Ibsen. Translated by Gad Kerner. Directed by Yossi Yzraeli. Jerusalem, Khan Theatre.

AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE by Henrik Ibsen. Translated by Rivka Meshulam. Directed by Nicole Kessel. Ramat Gan, Beit Zvi Basement Theatre.

THE LAST but one of Ibsen's works (1895). *Little Eyolf* was, in its time, rated as his greatest achievement, and contains some of the most moving and poignant situations in any of his plays. Nearly 100 years later, it is almost never staged. This, on account of its soulful substance, even though soul music is the stuff of our time. And soul music it is, in the most tempestuous, psychological, metaphorical, as well as mystic, sense.

No wonder, then, that a director whose gift for presentation matches his breadth of vision should cherish a craving to have a crack at this, perhaps the most controversial of Ibsen's plays.

Louded as it is with subtlety and suggestion, it lends itself to a variety of approaches. An allegory of carnal love; a profoundly pessimistic parable of the mystic powers of Nature versus Man; a castigation of moral egoism and the sin of sexual sensuality, two mutually consuming passions condemned by the Calvinist creed; a daring projection of the sexual fulfillment of the female that still holds good today; an anticipation of the salon socialism of the upper-middle classes that led to the establishment of the Welfare State — all of these are inherent in the work.

Yzraeli, compelled by the dictates of the text (tellingly translated from the Norwegian by Gad Kerner with an ear for its linguistic felicities) touches on them all but, predictably, takes off on a tack uniquely his.

IN TERMS of the text, what we have is the scholar Alfred Allmers, who, to escape the demands of his sexually unfulfilled wife, Rita, goes up to the mountains. There, among the stars and awesome peaks he is inspired with a vision, tantamount to a death wish, which leads him, in a paroxysm of renunciation, to resolve to devote himself to "human responsibility."

This brings him nearer to *Little Eyolf*, "the little wounded warrior," a cripple who is his and his wife's only child. He turns, too, to his half-sister Asta (Ayelet Shazar) whom he loves with scarcely suppressed hints of incest.

On his return home, Rita receives him with an exhibition of jealousy of both sister and son. But by the end of Act One, the latter is lost to them by drowning — either accidentally or lured by the Rat Wife — in the fiord at the bottom of the garden.

The rest of the play is a spectacle of retribution, sexual repulsion and moral guilt in which the three adults tear into each other's souls and mutually strip away the time-honoured masks. In the end, they achieve an equilibrium of psycho-social-moral recognition and reconciliation.

STRUGGLE OF SOULS



'Little Eyolf' — Rita (Ora Myerson) isn't deceived by the indifference of Alfred (Yehia Almogor), her husband, possessed by an idée fixe. (Aliza Auerbach)

an indifferent husband possessed by an idée fixe. It deceives neither Rita nor the audience. As to Asta, the glacial, blue-stocking exterior in which she has been encased makes the sexual tensions strung between the two virtually incredible. The sexual chemistry, if suggested, is too crude, or alternatively, too subtle, to be palpable.

What worries the woman spectator here is that Ibsen's deep perception of, and sympathy for, the strangled souls of his female figures has either not been fully grasped, or else has been pushed aside in favour of other considerations.

Then there is the Rat Wife (Shulamith Adar), the cornerstone of the action. On a realistic level, an unwholesome, smelly, repellent and crazy weirdo, she is also, on the supernatural plane, the fearful, fascinating "fellow-traveller" signifying death. But here she is translated into a macabre, archetypal whore, driven to the destruction of the male, as well as the rodent, species. In a fleeting, superbly surreal scene, when Rita sees her likeness in the glass cupboard, the concept works. But the impact of the visionary moment is shattered in an incongruously realistic flashback with the pantomiming of the luring of little Eyolf to his watery grave.

Such then, are a few of the surprises that are going to cause consternation regarding this production. With all that, it is, visually, a marvelous evocation of the mores and manners of the period, and even what might have been the contemporary expression of inner turmoil. On the other hand, it evades the spiritual landscape, as well as its topographical counterpart, the fiord and the mountains, which, for those who read the play today, is a crucial concomitant of the action.

Still, the struggle of souls is a singularly difficult subject to stage. Even if this effort, in its fidelity to period authenticity, fails to get

THE DOCTOR and his wife are played by final-year student actors with a maturity, moral force and conviction far beyond their stage years. Here, Eli Sinai's shoe-string set, a painted backdrop and some boards, adequately supplies the topographical-cum-spiritual perspective lacking in *Little Eyolf*.

The production deserves a wider exposure. Hopefully it will, if talk of starting off the next season at the Sifria, Ramat Gan's Little Theatre, with this team in a professional production, materializes.

Rock etc. Gilead Limor



Busy Brown

A LIVING legend is coming to Israel at the beginning of February. James Brown is known world-wide as the "godfather of Soul," with 30 years of success in the business, close to 50 gold and platinum record awards and 24 top-selling albums since 1971.

The legend of James Brown is well known. Born to a poverty-stricken family in Augusta Georgia, Brown spent many of his childhood days dancing in the streets, shining shoes and helping his father grease and wash cars. The pennies that he earned he gave to his father to help pay the \$7 monthly rent for their home — a little run-down shack.

Brown dropped out of school at the age of 13 and was eventually arrested for car theft.

In 1956, after spending three years in reform school, he formed a band and recorded the song "Please, Please, Please." This recording was his ticket to the world of show business.

THE STAGE during a typical Brown concert can be rather crowded. Occasionally, he will perform with a 13-piece orchestra and a number of back-up singers. But the busiest person on stage is James Brown himself.

An energetic performer since his school days, he will dance wildly all over the stage, perform impromptu acrobatic feats, scream his songs and radiate more and more energy in working up to a climax.

At some point, Brown will reach

cluded two singles, "Get Off my Television Screen" and "This Generation" and an album he recorded with his group, Hot Water — Fortis faded out from the Israeli scene, only to return a few years later with his new band Minimal Compact.

Since 1981, Minimal Compact has resided in Belgium and has reached a fairly high level of international success.

The group will perform at the Tel Aviv Cinerama on Saturday, January 24 and Tuesday, January 27.

MINIMAL COMPACT, an Israeli New Wave group based in Brussels, Belgium, is also due to perform in Israel.

The group has been particularly successful in Europe during the past five years. With four albums and numerous singles to their credit, Minimal Compact has established itself to a degree many young Israeli musicians can only dream of.

The dominant figure in the group is Israeli punk veteran Rami Fortis. For those who have no recollection of the wild days of punk in 1977, Rami Fortis was the first Israeli who dared to go along with this rebellious wave. With vulgar make-up on his face and a variety of safety pins, chains, razor blades and dog collars adorning his body, Fortis would scream at his audiences, wild crowds of similarly dressed Tel Aviv youth, who would, at points during his shows, confirm their appreciation by destroying everything in sight. Fortis put on shows that were heavily inspired by British punk groups of that era such as The Sex Pistols, Generation X and the Stranglers.

Following this fiasco — which in-

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EVENTS

1. "Mirale Efrat", a study evening (in Yiddish) in cooperation with "Habimah" National Theatre. Participants: S. Atzmon, I.H. Bilatzki. Actors: Miriam Zohar, Yael Pearl. Tuesday, January 27, 1987, at 8 pm.
2. "Jews in American Film", a study evening in the framework of a series of study-evenings in cooperation with "Kol Israel", dedicated to Jewish life in America. (The evening will be conducted in Hebrew.) Wednesday, January 28, 1987, at 8 pm. The doors will be closed at 4.45 pm.
3. A meeting with the writer Jean Denis Bredin (from France), author of the book "L'Affaire", in the framework of a series of meetings on "The Dreyfus Affair" (in cooperation with Israel-France Friendship Association in Jerusalem and the French Institute in Tel Aviv). The first meeting will be conducted in French and will include a short film in Hebrew. Participants in the discussion: Dr. Meir Gal, Dr. Ely Ben-Gal. Moderator: Dr. Amnon Kapelick. Wednesday, January 28, 1987, at 8 pm.
4. Screening of the film "A Day in the Life", a feature film describing one day in a German concentration camp, and a meeting with Sebastian Monk, the son of Egon Monk, the film's producer (in cooperation with the Goshie Institute). The film is in German with English subtitles. Thursday, January 29, 1987, at 7 pm. Admission: NIS 4; for members of the Association of Friends: NIS 3.

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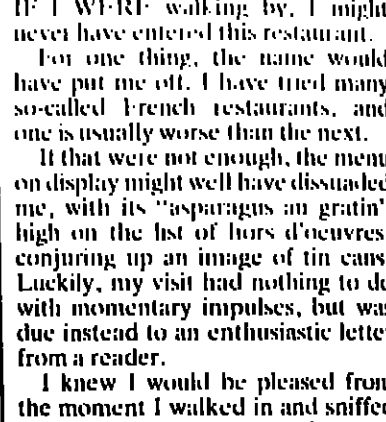
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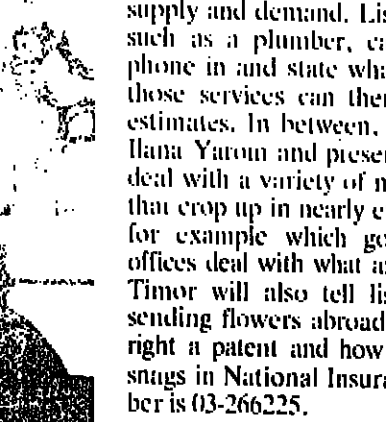
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Musical notes Eli Karev

FOR LIOR SHAMBADAL, it's a question of finding enough time to fit everything in. At 8:30 in the morning the 36-year-old conductor meets the members of the Kibbutz Chamber Orchestra at Kibbutz Shefayim for a rehearsal of works by Pergolesi and Mozart. At approximately 1 p.m., the session over, he has lunch and drives to Haifa. There Shambadal changes his clothes and clears his mind for the evening performance of the New Israel Opera's *The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny* by Weill and Brecht which he conducts. The in-joke among orchestra players is to ask Shambadal "Are you free this afternoon?"

Despite the fact that Shambadal is currently based near Munich in West Germany, he is one of the most active Israeli conductors in Israel. He has led all the country's orchestras and in 1980-81 served as the musical director of the Haifa Symphony. He also established and led the contemporary music ensemble Musica Nuova and has conducted several of our leading orchestras, including the Philharmonic, in performances of his own work. Next season, Shambadal takes on the role of musical director and chief conductor of the Kibbutz Chamber Orchestra.

The Tel Aviv-born musician took up music seriously at 16, playing the viola and trombone as well as studying composition and conducting.

Among his teachers in Europe were Franco Ferrara, Sergiu Celibidache, Carlo Maria Giulini and Witold Lutoslawski. Prestigious conducting competition prizes in Copenhagen and Florence launched him on an international career. Shambadal regularly conducts such orchestras as the Munich Philharmonic, Bayerischer Rundfunk, Strassbourg Philharmonic, Florence Festival and others. His forthcoming appearance with the Dutch Radio Orchestra is to be broadcast live in 75 countries by the European Broadcasting Authority. His involvement with Israel's musical life, however, has remained both close and intense.

THE ENERGETIC, stocky conductor has strong opinions and doesn't mince words. "The problem with this country's musical reality is that rather than building local talent, it either forces it abroad or destroys it altogether," Shambadal, for one, is bent on breaking this pattern.

His earlier experiences with the Kibbutz Chamber Orchestra - Shambadal has conducted seven different programmes - proved most stimulating. "The players stand out because of their musical involvement and concern for the orchestra's progress. Unlike players in many other musical bodies, they genuinely love music." They are also eager to learn, to absorb new ideas - a quality which to an extent, compensates for some technical limitations.

The orchestra's unique framework has some built-in advantages. Rehearsal time, for example, has no rigid limits, so "a really difficult programme can be rehearsed for three weeks, if needed." (The players assemble for two full days weekly.) The ensemble is not dependent on income from ticket sales. "The goal is, of course, to reach as large an audience as possible, but the degree of financial independence allows for a more courageous programming," notes Shambadal.

Fostering the audience - especially a new one - is among Shambadal's main artistic aims. In today's kibbutz, this poses no less a challenge than elsewhere, what with television, video and other home attractions. One of his planned innovations is the family concert, to be held



around 5 p.m., to which parents will bring their children. After the performance the players have dinner with the host kibbutz's members, the children are tucked up for the night and the parents then attend a full-fledged evening concert. "The family hour will thus become devoted to enjoying music together," says Shambadal.

In cooperation with the New Israel Opera, Shambadal is also intent on producing a baroque opera, to be shown all over the country. One idea is for Handel's *Giulio Cesare*. "I went to Herodion the other day," recounts the conductor, "and have everything worked out. The set - all natural - there. As is the place for the orchestra and even dressing rooms. The acoustics are fine. Imagine watching opera on a summer night in a natural environment," he says, his eyes lighting up.

In general, the Kibbutz Orchestra's repertoire is to be extended, "but not necessarily with modern works," the conductor, who is renowned for his involvement with contemporary music, hastens to add. "When was Honneger's Fourth Symphony last played here?" The performance of a composition by Pavel Haas, written during World War Two in the Theresienstadt camp, is also in the works.

"We also can play much more baroque and early-classical music," Shambadal enthuses. "Mozart's early Divertimento, K.185, for instance, what a marvel that is! The man was so young, seeking his way, experimenting. Then there are many compositions for a chorus - some very rarely heard - which we can present together with the excellent Hudd and Kibbutz Artzi choirs. Indeed, with the Kibbutz Dance Company, choirs, theatre and orchestra, there is no limit to the possibilities."

The workshop performance of music by kibbutz composers he led last year is to be repeated. Even though not all the works necessarily prove very good - "some will never make it to a concert" - it is of the utmost importance for a composer to hear what he or she has written. "That is the only way to go ahead, and as composer and musician it is my duty to provide it."

THE FUTURE of the other body Shambadal leads, Musica Nuova, appears less bright. Its start, a year ago, was very auspicious - rave reviews, audience excitement and, above all, high spirits among the group's 14 top-notch players. An immediate engagement to appear in the Israel Festival followed, as did a re-engagement for the upcoming festival, with composers Mark Kopyman and Sergiu Natra writing new works for the occasion. "But how long can you work for nothing?" asks the conductor. (The first performance and its many rehearsals

were on a voluntary basis). The ensemble has no administrative director, no financial basis. "It will be very sad if Musica Nuova disbands, for it fills a void in Israel's musical life. Why, for the money spent on the Agam sculpture at Tel Aviv's Dizengoff circle, five Nuovas could be maintained."

Nor is Shambadal happy with the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra's attitude towards Israeli musicians. "There has been of late a welcome change in the treatment of young instrumentalists, who are now given many more chances than in the past. With regard to the conductors, however, the situation is as difficult as it ever was."

Last May, Lior conducted his third IPO programme, in which his composition, *Spiral III* was included. "For me, it should have been the highlight of my life - since childhood, I dreamt of conducting the Philharmonic performing my work. What can compare to this for an Israeli musician? And yet, the dream was ruined; the players' dismissive attitude caused a sloppy performance."

As for *Mahagonny*, the critic's venom notwithstanding, the conductor views it as "one of the most interesting and satisfying projects I have been involved in." And he is hardly a novice in the opera realm, having led more than 10 performances in important houses abroad.

"Everybody worked with the utmost dedication. The coaches did a splendid job - Gershon Stern, Asher Fisch and the incomparable Ezer Debrezenzi, a new immigrant from Cluj, Romania. The atmosphere during the intense rehearsals of the last seven weeks - with soloists, chorus, stage director and NIO management - I can only wish on any musical institution in the world. Improbable as it may seem, a week before the premiere, the director and conductor were still on speaking terms."

Why, then, the negative reaction? Shambadal sees the heart of the problem in the director's belief that his audience was composed of sensitive people, ready for difficult intellectual material. "An opera is not a Western movie, and *Mahagonny* isn't *Marriage of Figaro*, either. It is a gloomy, complicated work."

The director, Marek Weiss-Grzesinski, went for symbols, hints to provide intellectual stimuli; the spectator had to add the rest. "Instead, the public was busy figuring out if the whores looked like whores. The critics, of course, all have a direct link with Brecht and know his precise intentions."

"The failure of *Mahagonny* was, therefore, the failure of that part of the audience which did not know what it came for," concludes Shambadal.

Cinema Dan Fainaru

THERE ARE many things I wonder about, concerning *Peggy Sue Got Married*. For instance, I wonder whether this film means that director Francis Coppola (the Ford definitely deleted from his name) is rejecting his own youth. That could not be as he grew up in Queens and whatever this film refers to is middle class America. On the other hand, maybe he is just rejecting the American dream of his youth, or the Spielberg image of it. Or, perhaps, he is expressing his disenchantment with American innocence, bred from childhood and blossoming hopelessly, straight into middle age and down to old age. Or maybe, just maybe, this is another one of his tailor-made jobs, like *The Outsiders*, in which he invested a lot of thought in style and much less in content. For it there is one thing I do not wonder about, it is Coppola's flair for visual magic, and in that respect, *Peggy Sue Got Married* is a little gem.

Up to a point, the script is embarrassingly similar, if not quite identical, to Spielberg's *Back to the Future*. Peggy Sue Boddell, a woman in her early forties, about to get a divorce from her philandering husband who was her only beau in high school and whom she married when she was 18, is persuaded by her teenage daughter to go to the 25th reunion ball of her graduation class. Despite her better judgement, she puts on her old prom dress and goes.

She is terribly embarrassed to meet the old crowd, the girl friends to whom she used to pour out her heart, their boy friends who are now their husbands, the little nebbish who has become a millionaire. But all she worries about are the inevitable questions about her spouse, for she really is upset seeing her life blown to pieces and hates sharing this information with people she hasn't seen for a quarter of a century.

When she is chosen queen of the ball, the pressure and excitement are just too much for her. She falls into a deep trance and goes back to 1960.

However, this is not a conventional flashback. Peggy Sue may appear to be a teenager, but she has preserved her experience and whatever wisdom she has managed to collect as an adult. Once she adjusts somehow to the new situation, she feels there is a chance for her to change the course of her life, to avoid marrying Charlie, who may be a popular guy and love her, but is nonetheless a jerk who is about to spend his life chasing rainbows, hoping to be a great singing star, only to become a used-car salesman.

THE TIME machine is as old as Rip van Winkle and is not much more than a device, a useful story-telling receptacle which you have to fill if you want to give it any meaning. Spielberg's ambition, when he used it, was mainly to teach a teenager of the Eighties to understand the mentality of his parents, by living with them as an equal.

Coppola sends Peggy Sue back in time, to see whether, given a chance, a modern woman would be able to fashion another kind of life for herself. The answer is an emphatic "no". The message seems to be that anyone born in the Doris Day mentality is bound to die in it.

The script wraps up this adventure in the most cloying, conciliatory, irrelevant fashion. True love will be true love, errors will be forgiven, jerks will be permitted to be jerks. Give them a thousand chances to improve their lot and they will fail. Americans are a sentimental people, still wanting to believe that romance is mightier than intelligence.

Heart failure



Peggy Sue (Kathleen Turner) - a chance to change the course of her life.

Somewhere in the background, I can't help seeing Coppola's sarcastic grin. Like the proverbial Cheshire cat, he looks down at this breed of innocents with an old-world amusement, while making all the necessary behind-the-scenes maneuvers in order to leave no doubt about his attitude.

There is much ambivalence in this movie. The story, except for the first and last sequences, takes place in the past. As such, it evokes a period appearing slightly ridiculous in our eyes, which naturally are also the eyes of Peggy Sue. What is missing here is the nostalgia for times gone by, for a world that was simpler and better ordered - everything we have been led to expect in this kind of situation. Coppola keeps us, and Peggy Sue, at arm's length from all the other characters.

SHE MOCKS her classmates because she knows what the future holds in store for them. Intended or not, the impression emerges of an adult who can't quite forgive youths for being young. It is as if this is a satire of a certain American state of mind, hidden under a cute, harmless romantic plot, designed to charm the unsuspecting innocents off their feet.

The problem with the charm and the satire lies in the script. Because the characters are kept at arm's length and considered from a superior point of view, the spectator is never allowed to identify with any of them, not even with Peggy Sue, who is never much more than a dramatic gimmick used to compare one period to another.

For instance, we are led to believe that she is an independent person with a business of her own, but her behaviour would hardly indicate that. Beyond being in love with her husband and deeply offended by his affair with a younger woman, there is not much to be said for her personality.

KATHLEEN Turner, as Peggy Sue, looks too young for a middle-aged woman, too old for a teenager, and is evidently caught in the trap too easily laid by the script. One can figure out how to play a mature woman or a young girl, but how are you going to appear very young, physically, and yet behave in a grown-up fashion?

This problem is even more pronounced in the case of Nicholas Cage, on whom much praise has been lavished for his performance in *Birdy* and *The Cotton Club*. Cage seems to be under the impression that he is playing James Dean, with the same hairdo and the same man-

nerisms. But where Dean was a real person in each one of his roles, Cage is offering just a mass of poses. In addition, he is far too young (in his twenties) to make even a passable impression of a middle-aged, disappointed and mixed-up con man.

Similar problems are encountered by all those who embark on the time travel trip with Peggy Sue. They either stay adults masquerading as teenagers, or the opposite, but somehow never really make the transition satisfactorily.

THE ONES who did make it fabulously are two old Coppola cronies, art director Dean Tavoularis and cameraman Jonathan Cronenweth. Tavoularis, who has worked on practically every Coppola picture, is a wizard, creating perfect little worlds, down to the smallest details. He not only puts together a Sixties environment but also creates a carefully selected chromatic scale of colours, with lots of pinks and blues for everything from cars to costumes, from interiors to street scenes.

Cronenweth shoots it all in the hues of the old Technicolor process, as if to remind us of the period. The titles are even credited to De Luxe colours, the company which handled all the Fox business at the time. And the name of Theodor van Runkle should be up there with this tandem, as the costume designer who blends in perfectly with the spirit of the game.

Which, in a way, brings us back to another Coppola item, *One From the Heart*. That was a sophisticated studio-manufactured romance which was so proud of its own studio origins, that it let the audience be conscious of it every single minute of the picture. And the audience, which goes to the movies for fantasy and not to learn about the strings activating the puppets, balked and stayed away.

Here, Coppola was much smarter and hid the strings better. Still, he can't let himself participate wholeheartedly in it, whether because he thinks it is beneath him or because he takes this film to be one more that he makes on order from a producer who is footing the bill.

Being one of the great script writers of Hollywood in the last 20 years, he probably could do better. But then he would have to start with material of his own, not just tinker with that offered him by others. Still, he did pretty well. *Peggy Sue Got Married* appears on many of the Ten Best lists of the American film reviewers, and in any case, is much easier to like than some of the other films competing with it.

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EXHIBITIONS

DAVID HOCKNEY: PHOTOCOLLAGES (See Helena Rubinstein Pavilion)
SITINGS: Alice Aycock, Richard Fleischner, Mary Miss, George Trakas.
OSKAR KOKOSCHKA, 1888-1980. A Selection of Prints and Albums from the Museum Collection.
TRENDS IN GEOMETRIC ABSTRACT ART.
EDWARD MUNCH: Death, Love and Anxiety.

MUSIC

THE GERSHWIN CONCERT Scheduled for Tuesday, 27.1, has been postponed to Sunday, 1.2.

CINEMA

SHOA: Screening hours this week:
Part I: Tues., 27.1, Wed., 28.1, at 7.00 pm.
Part II: Sat., 24.1, at 8.00 pm; Sun. - Thurs., 25-29.1, at 1.00 pm.
TRUE STORIES (U.S.A., 1988, 89 min., in colour, English with Hebrew subtitles). Film by David Byrne, leader and composer of the "Talking Heads" group. Sunday-Thurs., at 7.30 and 9.30 pm.

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Narrative nudity

Meir Ronnen

PAMELA LEVY (b. Iowa, 1949, here since 1976) bids fair to become one of our leading neo-realist painters. Her latest oils all read clearly, as she has begun to sort out the backgrounds into clearer compositions; and in some works she is able to integrate her characteristic truncated foreground figures with the painterly method and harmonies of what is going on behind them. In other cases the foreground figures seem stuck on and rendered in a dryer technique and different colour scale, often earthy in colour. But she has also got to the stage where colour has begun to work for her too. Levy clearly starts from photographs, but only as local reference. She certainly achieves a certain shock value, placing male and female nudes against backgrounds of scrap or a swimming pool milieu (though the male genitals are oddly omitted). The subject matter and arrested movement more and more recall Eric Fischl; while the deadpan, dead-point and truncated approach to the nudes is faintly evocative of Philip Pearlstein. Like Arikha, she sometimes paints in patches, leaving flecks of white canvas to enliven the much improved paint surface; or leaves small patches blank or written over with text. Her ever-improving portraits (done from photographs of friends) also owe something to Arikha's approach. But she has certainly achieved her own personal identity. Altogether, a happy advance. (Gallery Gimel, 4 King Shlomo, J'lem). Till Feb. 4.

AT THE adjoining venue, **Lisa Pleskew**, written up in *In Jerusalem* last week, shows sensitive and splendidly cropped black and white photographs of women's bodies, sensual but not erotic. (Gimel 2, enr. King Shlomo and Rehov Jaffo). Till Feb. 4.

MICHAEL DRUKS (b. J'lem, 1940, lives in London) was once the *wunderkind* of the Israel Museum, entertaining us with inventive visual puns. His latest show of drawings and paintings on paper (mostly filling card folders) made over the last few years, is a low-key, lack-lustre affair, enlivened only by a self-portrait drawing in a Russian constructivist manner and a few paintings of lively warm colours that hark back to both Klee and the Cobra school. Most of the other works, many on black backgrounds, are not sufficiently related to their boundaries. A collage



Boris Zeligy: Rivka Guber, oils, 1980 (J'lem Artists House).

of drawn and painted-over postcards and snaps, by now a tired method of entertainment, fails to add any pizzazz. (Fisher Gallery, Mishkenot, Yemin Moshe).

BORIS ZELIGY (b. Kharkov, Ukraine, 1916, here since 1971) is an impressionist in the Russian academic tradition with an almost romantic attitude to high colour. Of great facility without being facile, Zeligy also has a sound feeling for composition, especially apparent in the wonderfully harmonic "Trees" (4) painted in 1976, a really great painting. A woman with a dog (18) from 1981 makes clever use of light, with some passages reminiscent of Bonnard, others of Sargent. This work needs a better frame, as do most of the works on show, which are not given a chance to "breathe." Zeligy, who is also a very fine portraitist, has a tendency to rich mauves that occasionally become over-sweet, but in general it is a pleasure to see this sort of painting again.

At the same venue, **Assaf Berg** an illustrator of note, shows a huge collection of soft-pencil drawings composed as monochrome paintings: still-life, landscapes and a few nudes and abstractions. Berg has not yet quite escaped the approach of the graphic illustrator, but some of the winding hillside landscapes with walls and buildings, mixing line and tone, are particularly strong; and more powerful in composition than his generally static work. All the drawings are beautifully rendered. (Jerusalem Artists House). Till Feb. 3.

Down below, in the Artists House Gallery shop, there is a small show (till Feb. 3) of paintings by a self-taught Jewish teenager shot by the Nazis in Holland in 1944 at the age of 18. **Sailo Menca** continued to work while in hiding, before being betrayed by a Dutchman now working as a lawyer. His story was told in these columns when the works were recently on view at Yad Vashem.

NILI KESSLER, a sabra graduate of the Charpentier in Paris, shows studies of the elderly in various media on paper, relying heavily on pleasant effects to cover the fact that she cannot draw particularly well; she is quite poor with hands for instance. Many of the works all too obviously mark her as a sometime student of Hirsch. The better ones, in which she uses pastel on coloured paper, are happily bereft of this mannerism. (Nora Gallery, Maimon 9, J'lem). Till Feb. 7.



Michael Druks: self-portrait, Drawing in colours, 1986.



Pamela Levy: untitled oil on canvas (Gallery Gimel, Jerusalem).

Erotic curios

Gil Goldfine

AFTER SIX years in New York, **Eldad Ziv** has returned to Israel, and with him a dozen large canvases that are every bit as much erotic curios as they are contemporary paintings of the sick kind. Ziv uses unorthodox methods to achieve maximum "shock" appeal, from application of colour in thousands upon thousands of tiny dots to unnatural views of male and female genitalia. The reality and believability of upside-down breasts hanging between legs, vaginal details enlarged out of all proportion and grossly rendered foreground buttocks is definitely diluted by Ziv's "pointillist" technique, which reduces possible sensual force to comic book caricature and parody.

The show's title, "Susan Loves Turtles," represents one of Ziv's pictures, a rather bizarre subject featuring a kneeling nude woman about to have it off with her pet tortoise. Here, as in most of his paintings, Ziv turns the absurd or the prurient into episodic humour by exaggerating the content or by decorating the background with pecu-



Eldad Ziv: acrylic on canvas (Mabat Gallery, Tel Aviv).

liarily light-hearted illustrations (bunny rabbits, gift wrapped pencils, silly butterfly babies), using heads of lettuce in a fabric design pattern to accompany Susan's escapade.

From the breakup of forms and muscular details it is apparent that Ziv uses photographic enlargements as his pictorial source. This works to his advantage in a large panel of three dancing muses, a mythological theme painted in a sculptural technique, where greyed colour of flesh are as much "carved" as they are brushed. Once again, however, the bright fuchsia backdrop reverses one's basic awareness of the real message. The problem that arises is exactly that. "What is the real message" is what it's all about. Is being a slave to clever techniques and styles worth the effort? (Mabat Gallery, 31 Gordon, Tel Aviv).

WEST GERMAN artist **Wolfgang R. Conrad** shows female portraits positioned in a dream world filled, with giraffe, cats, eagles and other fauna. The women are rendered to reflect their compositional partners by emulating behavioural characteristics: macho look, aloof, fierce, dangerous. All the images pretend to be sexy, harsh and fashion-oriented like a Pop video featurette. All are drawn with a ball point pen. (Shai Danon Gallery, 42 Frug, Tel Aviv) Till Jan. 31.

Photographs by **Jaclyn Pludik**, (Antea Gallery, 27 Shenkin, Tel Aviv). Till Feb. 5. Oil paintings and drawings by **Pinchas Cohen-Gan** prepared in New York during the summer of '85. (Divr Gallery, 26 Gordon, Tel Aviv). Till Feb. 18. **Bracha Etlinger** shows paintings and drawings. (Sara Levi Gallery, 10 Pineles, Tel Aviv). Till Feb. 12.

ter a must for this approach.

Panas's bits and pieces of information, however, are not necessarily organized in a comprehensive manner. Their meanings and the rationale for their being in their spacial and textual context and the interactive energy they generate.

Panas's art is not unique, nor is it exceptional, but it belongs to a "family" with proper credentials; and within that framework, one can look upon it with a positive response. (Bograshov Gallery and Art Club, 60 Bograshov, Tel Aviv). Till Feb. 2.

THE OCTOGENERIAN **Giladi** shows charming little black-and-white drawings with added wash, created in 1957 for an album commemorating the laying of the Eilat-Beersheba pipeline. The sketches are accompanied by Ben-Gurion's written introduction and are also supplemented by several canvases and multiple-sided painted cubes in Giladi's personal figurative manner. (Osman Gallery, 100 Ben Yehuda, Tel Aviv). Till Jan. 29.

ODED LEHRER's paintings and black-and-white drawings on paper have little in common. The latter are infused with strongly stated, abstracted, organic and anatomical forms that "breathe" all over the page; bulbous and corpulent gourd shapes are used as centralized vehicles for tightly stretched, tendentious lines. The colour works are pretty dull and unimaginatively conceived. (Tiroche Gallery, 215 Gordon, Tel Aviv). Till Jan. 30.

For my interest and familiarity with edible wild plants, I am indebted to Juliette Barcalni-Levy, author of a number of books on the herbal treatment of wounds and illnesses in man and animal. Juliette, who now resides on a Greek island, lived many years in Israel and it was she who led me over the hills and through the wadis and taught me about these plants.

There are a number of books in Hebrew on this subject. Certainly the easiest for the non-specialist are one by Nissim Crispil, another by Amotz Dafni, and an older book by Noga Flarevuni.

Nature

Eating out



D'vora Ben Shaul

I HAVE RECEIVED MANY letters about the edible wild plants mentioned in a recent column. More people are interested in this subject than I had imagined.

One lady sent me a beautifully dried and pressed sprig of wild *Calendula* asking if this was indeed its name, and a dozen have asked about the bread plant, *malva nicaensis*.

This plant (actually there are five different varieties in Israel) grows in vacant lots and along the roadways. The Arabs call it *hubca* from the Arabic word for bread, *hubz*, while in Hebrew it is *lahomit*, an anagram of the Hebrew word for bread, *lechem*.

During the siege of Jerusalem in 1948, this ubiquitous plant was a staple in the diet of Jerusalemites. Even today some of my friends make stuffed malva leaves for parties every Independence Day.

The leaves of this plant are good for stuffing *burckas*, for cooking like spinach, making salads and, most delicious to my taste, replacing spinach in a spinach and cheese soufflé or quiche. But the name and fame of the plant derive not from its leaves but from its seeds which, when dried and finely ground make a starchy flour from which a sort of bread can be made. Beduin women collect large quantities of these seeds, grind them and mix the flour derived with regular flour when baking certain kinds of bread. The seeds are also good to eat when toasted.

ANOTHER interesting wild plant is the wild fennugreek which in its domestic form is a staple spice in the Yemenite community where it is known as *hille*. It is believed by many to have a beneficial effect on digestion. It has been medically confirmed that fennugreek seeds are extremely high in dietary fibre which is probably the reason that Yemenites say that if you want to lose weight you should take a tablespoon of *hille* seeds with a glass of water half an hour before each meal.

For my interest and familiarity with edible wild plants, I am indebted to Juliette Barcalni-Levy, author of a number of books on the herbal treatment of wounds and illnesses in man and animal. Juliette, who now resides on a Greek island, lived many years in Israel and it was she who led me over the hills and through the wadis and taught me about these plants.

There are a number of books in Hebrew on this subject. Certainly the easiest for the non-specialist are one by Nissim Crispil, another by Amotz Dafni, and an older book by Noga Flarevuni.

Crosswords

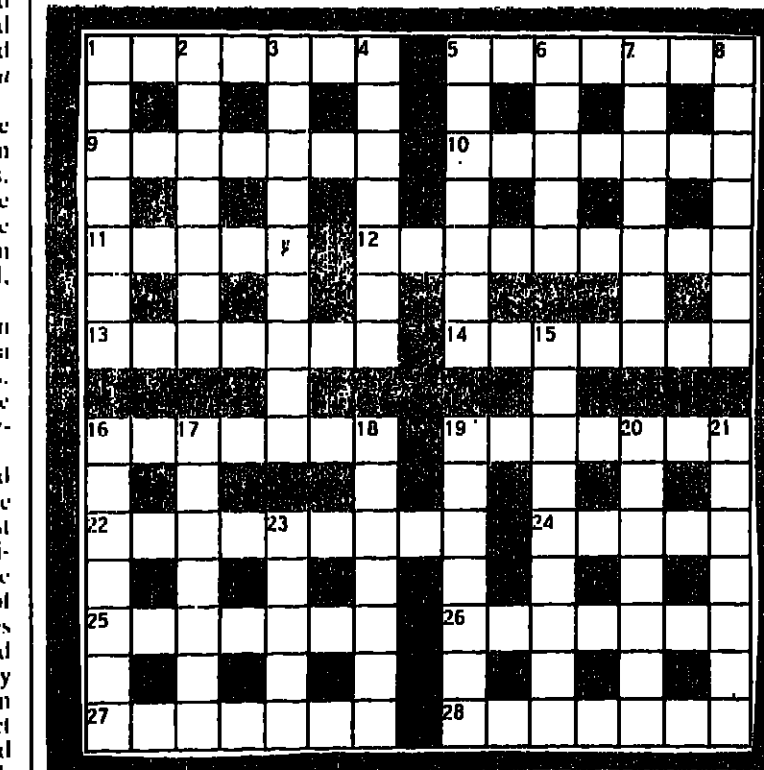
Two-in-one

ACROSS

- 1 1000 small bullets, half of them for a great beast (7)
- 3 Let out again, free (7)
- 9 Church tolls provided by them (7)
- 10 Cry for a performer whose act isn't up to scratch? (7)
- 11 Put something in a drink having all the trimmings? (5)
- 12 One who really doesn't know his name (9)
- 13 Observe proverbs for the amusement of children (5,4)
- 14 Walks all over sister, head diagnostician (7)
- 16 Told the status of family members (7)
- 19 Letting off steam, being very angry (7)
- 22 Turning in fat cats—it's incredible! (9)
- 24 Follow eleven UEFA put in (5)
- 25 On one's high horse in this chase? (7)
- 26 For sale, as new—but not working? (7)
- 27 Silly fellows, to put on clothes for openers? (7)
- 28 Gives university man chair in Revolution (7)

DOWN

- 1 Commonly lost by the cracked statues? (7)
- 2 Used to cut people who stepped out of line? (7)
- 3 Have this in the red state—hopefully, the future looks blacker! (9)
- 4 The natural enemies of polecats? (7)
- 5 Takes back position in religious controversy (7)
- 6 Not yet more unpunctual than others (5)
- 7 Frightened about marmalade mother left? (7)
- 8 Goes for a fight? (7)
- 13 Make a big fuss to bring up original murderer, it seems (5,4)
- 16 Gave a nigh, we hear, and wouldn't jump the fence? (7)
- 17 Pole learnt about light box? (7)
- 18 Decisively acts in just the other way (7)
- 19 Being done up, gave under the strain? (7)
- 20 It's new, so pull each corner together initially—then check (7)
- 21 We often make them educated or wild? (7)
- 23 Such samplers as this hold plenty (5)



Quickie

ACROSS

- 1 Faint (4,3)
- 5 Lowered in rank (7)
- 8 Doesn't leave (5,2)
- 10 Furiously obtains (7)
- 11 Young eel (5)
- 12 Putting in liquid (9)
- 13 Taking one's case (7)
- 14 Holiday places (7)
- 16 Impaired (7)
- 19 Overpraise (7)
- 22 Rural building (9)
- 24 Part of the body (5)
- 25 Joining together (7)
- 26 Aimless wanderer (7)
- 27 Supernatural beings (7)
- 28 Sorrows over past acts (7)

DOWN

- 1 Famous French doctor (7)
- 2 Dies of hunger (7)
- 3 Looking at (9)
- 4 Taking care of (7)
- 5 Visionary person (7)
- 6 Engine (5)
- 7 Dog (7)
- 8 Measures of medicine (7)
- 15 Looking for something (9)
- 16 Makes foul (7)

ACROSS: 7 Coming, 8 Useful, 10 Dilemma, 11 Tired, 12 Meek, 13 Spoil, 17 Fight, 18 Door, 22 Basic, 23 Dynamic, 24 Sherry, 25 France. DOWN: 1 Academy, 2 Smaller, 3 Enemy, 4 Aspirin, 5 Offer, 6 Cloth, 8 Lampsade, 14 Discard, 15 Comment, 16 Proceed, 19 Obese, 20 Askew, 21 Snare.

Solutions to the crosswords appear in Sunday's Jerusalem Post.

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Cinemas

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ALLIANCE FRANÇAISE
8 Agmon St., Tel. 227167,
221204
Mon. 8:30
**LE JOURNAL
D'UN FOU**
Wed. 4
PROGRAMME POUR ENFANTS
Thur. 8:30
CORPS A COEUR
All films English subtitles
BEIT AGRON Tel. 247587
Fri. 2:30, 8:30
AFTER HOURS
Fri. 4: MACARONI
Sat. 4:30: TARZAN IN NEW YORK
Sat. 8:15: LOVE AND DEATH
EDEN Tel. 223829
**DETECTIVE
SCHOOL
DROPOUTS**
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4:30, 7.9
EDISON Tel. 221444/5
BACK TO SCHOOL
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4:30, 7.9
HABIRA Tel. 232366
AVANTI POPOLO
Sat. 7.15
Weekdays 4:30, 7.9, 9.15
English subtitles
JERUSALEM THEATRE
Tel. 667167
10th and last week
Sat. 6:00 Mon. 1
SHOAH (I)
Fri. 10 a.m.
Weekdays 6:00
SHOAH (II)
Kfir Tel. 242523
11th week
**HANNAH AND
HER SISTERS**
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4:30, 7.9
MITCHELL Tel. 227950
Sat. and weekdays 7.9
VAGABONDE
ORGIL Tel. 234176
9th week
**RUTHLESS
PEOPLE**
Sat. 7.9, 9.15
Weekdays 4:30, 7.9, 9.15
ORION OR 1 Tel. 222914
**FLESH AND
BLOOD**
Sat. 6:45, 9
Weekdays 4:30, 6:45, 9
ORION OR 3 Tel. 222914
FINAL MISSION
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4:30, 7.9
ORION OR 4
2nd week
RICOCHETS
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4:30, 7.9
ORION OR 5
4th week
**THE COLOR
PURPLE**
Sat. 8:30 only
Weekdays 5:30, 8:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7.9
ORNA Tel. 224733
**ADVENTURES OF
A PRIVATE EYE**
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4:30, 7.9

RON Tel. 234704
TANGOS
Sat. 7.9, 9.15
Weekdays 4:30, 7.9, 9.15
SEMADAR Tel. 633742
Jerusalem Premiere
**MY BEAUTIFUL
LAUNDRETTE**
Sat. and weekdays 7.9, 9.15
TEL AVIV
BEIT LEISSIN
34 Weizmann St. Tel. 216653
Fri. 2:30: ANNIE HALL
Fri. 11:30 p.m.: INTERIORS
Sat. 11:15 p.m.: MANHATTAN
Sun. 11:45 p.m.: SLEEPER
Mon., 11:15 p.m.: LOVE AND WAR
Tue. 11:15 p.m.: BANANAS
Wed. 11:15 p.m.: ANNIE HALL
Thur. 11:45 p.m.: SLEEPER
BEN-YEHUDA Tel. 222759
LEGAL EAGLES
Fri. 9:45 p.m., 12
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30
* ROBERT REDFORD
* DERRA WINGER
* DARYL HANNAH
BETH HATEFOTSOH
Thur. 7
**A DAY IN
THE LIFE**
(One day in a German
Concentration Camp)
In German - English subtitles
CHEN 1 Tel. 282288
9th week
**RUTHLESS
PEOPLE**
Fri. 10 p.m., 12:15
Sat. 7:30, 9:45
Weekdays 5:30, 9:15
**THE BLACK BEARD
GHOST**
Sat. 11 a.m.
CHEN 2
16th week
**JOSHUA THEN
AND NOW**
Fri. 9:30 p.m., 12:05 midnight
Sat. and weekdays 7:25, 9:45
SNOW WHITE
Sat. 11 a.m.
CHEN 3
2nd week
MALCOLM
Fri. 10 p.m., 12:05
Sat. 7:30, 9:40
Weekdays 5:30, 9:40
ALICE IN WONDERLAND
Sat. 11 a.m.
CHEN 4
14th week
**DONNA FLOR
AND HER
TWO HUSBANDS**
Fri. 11 a.m., 9:50, 12:05
Sat. 7:30, 9:45
Weekdays 11:25, 5:30, 7:30, 9:45
PETE'S DRAGON
Sat. 11 a.m.
CHEN 5
2nd week
BLUE VELVET
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30
PIRATES
Sat. 11 a.m.
CINEMA ONE Tel. 657952
ARCTIC HEAT
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

CINEMA TWO Tel. 657952
2nd week
TOP GUN
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30
DEKEL Tel. 454114
2nd week
**VIOLETS ARE
BLUE**
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30
DIZENGOFF I
Tel. 200485
Israel Premiere
Directed by ALEX COX
Starring Gary Oldman as Sid Vicious
and Cloe Webb as Nancy Spunger
**Sid
and
NANCY**
Fri. 9:30 p.m., 12
Sat. 7:15, 9:40
Weekdays 11:45, 7:15, 9:40
DIZENGOFF II
Tel. 200485
8th week
**MY BEAUTIFUL
LAUNDRETTE**
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:15, 9:40
Weekdays 1:30, 4:45, 7:15, 9:40
MONA LISA
Fri. 11, 1:30, 10
DIZENGOFF III
Tel. 200485
8th week
MONA LISA
Fri. 9:50 p.m., 12
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:40
A ROOM WITH A VIEW
Fri. 11, 1:30
Weekdays 11 a.m., 1:30, 4:45
DRIVE-IN Tel. 403080
2nd week
TOP GUN
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:30, 9:30
Sex film
Fri. 12:15 (after midnight)
Sat. and weekdays 12 midnight
ESTHER Tel. 225610
INSTANT JUSTICE
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:40
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:40
GAT Tel. 267888
3rd week
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:15, 9:40
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:40
**AN ADVENTURE
IN COMEDY!**
**WHOOP! GOLDBERG
JACK
FLASH**
LEV I Tel. 288868
5th week
**THE BURMESE
HARP**
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:30, 9:40
Weekdays 2, 5, 7:30, 9:40
**A TRIP TO
BOUNTIFUL**
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:40
Weekdays 2.5
**A MAN AND A WOMAN:
20 YEARS LATER**
Sat. 9:40 p.m.
Weekdays 7:30, 9:40
LEV IV Tel. 288868
4th week
**TROUBLE IN
MIND**
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:30, 9:40
Weekdays 2, 5, 7:30, 9:40

GORDON GITTLE
2nd week
87 Ben Yehuda, Tel. 244373
1987 Oscar Nominee
**AVANTI
POPOLO**
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30
English subtitles
**HAKOLNOA Z.O.A.
HOUSE**
26 Ibn Gabirol Tel. 259341/2
8th week
FORBIDDEN
Friday 12 midnight
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Sun. Mon., Tue.
Thur. 4:30, 7:15, 9:30
Fri. 2:30: LOVE AND ANARCHY
Sat. 11:45 p.m.: HIGH ANXIETY
Thur. 11:45 p.m.: MANHATTAN
HOD
Fri. 9:45 p.m.
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
"PLENTY OF LAUGHS..."
—David Siratov
VARIETY
Fri. 9:30 p.m., 12
Sat. 7:15, 9:40
Weekdays 11:45, 7:15, 9:40
DIZENGOFF II
Tel. 200485
8th week
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Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:15, 9:40
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Sat. 9:40 p.m.
Weekdays 7:30, 9:40
LEV IV Tel. 288868
4th week
**TROUBLE IN
MIND**
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:30, 9:40
Weekdays 2, 5, 7:30, 9:40

LIMOR HAMEHUDASH Tel. 260773
2nd week
"Francis Coppola's best film since
The Godfather" — New York Post
* KATHLEEN TURNER
* NICOLAS CAGE
**PEGGY SUE
GOT MARRIED**
Fri. 9:45 p.m., 12
Sat. 7.9, 9.30
Weekdays 4:30, 7.9, 9.30

TAMUZ Tel. 412761
3rd week
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 8:30 p.m.
BARRY LINDON
Sat. 1: VIVA LA VIE
Sat. 3: CASA BLANC
Sat. 5: NIGHT PORTER
Sat. 12 midnight: STREETS OF
FIRE
Tue. 12 midnight: TOP SECRET
Thur. 12 midnight: HAROLD AND
MAUDE
TCHELET Tel. 443950
5th week
**THE GODS MUST
BE CRAZY**
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30
TEL AVIV Tel. 288181
2nd week

**CLINT EASTWOOD
"THUNDERBOLT and
LIGHTFOOT"**
Fri. 10 p.m., 12 midnight
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30
TEL AVIV MUSEUM
Tel. 261297
32nd week
SHOAH (I)
Tue., Wed. 7
SHOAH (II)
Sat. 6; weekdays 1
ZAFON Tel. 442966
5th week
THE MISSION
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7.9, 9.30
Weekdays 4:30, 7.9, 9.30
HAIFA
AMPHITHEATRE
Tel. 6640178
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4:30, 7.9, 9.15
COBRA MISSION
ARMON Tel. 664848
INSTANT JUSTICE
Sat. 7.9, 9.15
Weekdays 4:30, 7.9, 9.15
ATZMON I Tel. 663003
4th week
BACK TO SCHOOL
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.9, 9.15
Weekdays 4:30, 7.9, 9.15
ATZMON 2 Tel. 663003
8th week
AVANTI POPOLO
An Israeli film, nominated
for a 1987 Oscar
Fri. 10:15 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:45, 7:15, 9:30

SHAHAF Tel. 296645
11th week
**HANNAH AND
HER SISTERS**
A Woody Allen film
* MICHAEL CAINE
* MIA FARRROW
* CARRIE FISHER
Fri. 9:45 p.m., 12
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Film Briefs Dan Fainaru

AFTER HOURS — Martin Scorsese takes you along for one night in downtown New York, more exactly the Village, as seen through the eyes of a typical middle-class bachelor on the make. A kind of modern "Alice in Wonderland," it is backed with plenty of humor, sometimes veering on the macabre, and conducted with gusto by Scorsese. Griffin Dunne is great as the modern version of Alice, and a series of cameos exploit the talents of Rosanna Arquette, Teri Garr, John Heard, Cheech and Chong, Veria Bloom, Tula Paganini and more.

ANNE HALL — Woody Allen's personal film about the relationship between an uptight, uptight couple. Touching, humorous and totally convincing with the usual stock of terrific verbal and visual gags.

BLAZING SADDLES — Take-off of all those Westerns Hollywood has ever made. Expect anything to happen in this Mel Brooks extravaganza. (At one point Count Basie and his entire orchestra appear, in evening dress, playing the theme song amid the desert cacti.) Great stuff.

BLUE VELVET — American middle-class innocence faces mystical powers of good and evil, right and wrong and the demonic temptations of sin. In a mediocre thriller, too feeble to carry all these presumptions. Kyle MacLachlan and Laura Dern are the pure-at-heart who allow themselves to be tempted. Isabella Rossellini is Lilith and Dennis Weaver, elf personified. David Lynch directed his own vaguely ambitious script.

BROTHER FROM ANOTHER PLANET — Trendy sci-fi spoof about a black visitor from another planet who crash-lands in New York and his experiences in the big city, trying to escape from the two white emissaries sent to hunt him down. Cunt movie for New Yorkers, with director John Sayles, mindful of his limited means, intentionally allowing it to look like a semi-experimental film. John Morton is the visitor who discovers Earth isn't the ideal place for a black man to live.

CLOCKWORK ORANGE — Stanley Kubrick's horrific exercise in pure brutality is far more than just an exploitation of sensationalism. Kubrick follows Anthony Burgess's novel in discussing the human being's right to choose between good and evil. If you deprive even the most evil of men, in this case the protagonist Alex, of the basic right, you do not make him a better man; you simply turn him into a vegetable. Also, the movie clearly says, art and music have nothing to do with improving the race, as the hero's devotion to Beethoven, Rossini and "Singin' in the Rain" does not deter him from his monstrous activities. Malcolm McDowell, in the lead, finds the kind of role an actor never lives down.

DONNA FLOR AND HER TWO HUSBANDS — Jorge Amado's novel about a woman wedded to the spirit of her irreverent first husband, a charming rogue, while being the devoted wife of an elderly, boring pharmacist the rest of the time is given poignant treatment by director Nuno da Costa fully exploiting the considerable charms of Sonia Braga in the lead.

ELEPHANT AND BLOOD — This is a bloody spectacle of the Middle Ages at their worst. Shot by Dutch director Paul Verhoeven in Spain, the film features Dutch superstar Rutger Hauer as the leader of a brutal mercenary gang roaming across a continent ravaged by the plague, wars, poverty, misery and, most of all, barbarism. There is hardly any redeeming feature to be found in humanity, as portrayed here, but *Conan* and *Rambo* fans will lick their lips in delight.

GINGER AND FRED — Two aging entertainers, once famous for their Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire imitation, are recruited for a New Year's matinee show on Italian TV. Fellini, at his fiercest, caricatures television and its commercials, but at the same time cringes in fear of changing fashions and old age. Giulietta Masina and Marcello Mastroianni are exquisite as the couple of have-beens.

HEARTBURN — Nora Ephron adapted her own autobiographical novel about her marriage to philandering journalist Carl Bernstein into a superficial gossip script which seems to be concerned with nothing more than settling private accounts. Mike Nichols prefers to have Jack Nicholson and Meryl Streep play themselves to avoid any unpleasantness from persons directly affected by the story, and the result can't be anything but tame. Strictly for the fans of the two stars.

JUMPING JACK FLASH — Crazy comedy about a computer operator saving the life of a British agent stranded behind the Iron Curtain. Personal show for Whimpy Goldberg as the start crackle with a dirty mouth and clean soul. TV actress Penny Marshall directed as if it were a two-hour episode of *Laverne and Shirley*.

LORD OF THE RINGS — Great animation art based on Tolkien's story. For those who have never been introduced to the Hobbit — a splendid opportunity to meet Tolkien's little people, now larger than life.

LOVE AND ANARCHY — Set mainly in an Italian brothel of the Thirties where a young country lad (Gianni Gennini) falls in love with a whore and his plans to assassinate Mussolini never materialize. Uneven in quality but full of vitality with some fine moments. Directed by Lina Wertmüller.

MACARONI — An airline executive returns to Naples 40 years after WW II and meets his old sweetheart and her soulful brother. Director Ettore Scola is at his best when he deals with the relationship between Jack Lemmon, the American businessman, and Marcello Mastroianni, the Italian dreamer. He is less successful when he tries to develop a story around this goes, director Elio Cohen made an efficient, often moving portrait of the life, frustrations and pent-up anger of the average Israeli soldier fighting a war whose essence has long been lost on him. Ronnie Pinkovitch, Alon Aboutbul and Shmuel Mizrahi lead one of the most homogeneously successful casts in recent Israeli films.

MISSION — Spectacular super-production about Spain and Portugal joining forces despite their enmity, in order to enslave the Indians of South America. Chris Menzies's photography is breathtaking. Robert Bolt's script predictable and Roland Joffe's efforts fall short of his *Killing Fields* in spite of Robert de Niro and Jeremy Irons in the leads.

MONA LISA — Worth seeing for the performance of Bob Hoskins as the brilliant gangster who, after seven years in jail, becomes the bodyguard of a black girl serving clients all over London. Strong direction by Neil Jordan. Kathy Tyson is persuasive as the

MY BEAUTIFUL LAUNDRETTE — One of the best British films in years shows how dynamic immigrants are taking over tired and decrepit Albion. Stephen Frears directs with gusto a remarkable cast, notably headed by Daniel Day Lewis and Saeed Jaffrey.

THE ORION BELT — A pleasant surprise from Norway, this film is a downbeat thriller about three Spitzbergen scavengers who inadvertently discover an illegal Russian radio station on Norwegian territory. They become a headache for both the Soviets and the Oslo government, which does not antagonize an angry bear. The director is Ole Soltau.

PINK FLOYD, THE WALL — A film combining the performance of rock stars Pink Floyd plus animation scenes. Dig the music, dig the movie.

RICOCHETS — The life of an Israeli patrol in Lebanon during the last few weeks before the pull-back is portrayed from a strictly Israeli point of view. The soldiers are endearing, humane and bright; the Arabs, a faceless threat. The realistic acting creates an authentic atmosphere, almost as if this were a documentary shot by one side about its own people and limited only to that aspect. As far as this goes, director Elio Cohen made an efficient, often moving portrait of the life, frustrations and pent-up anger of the average Israeli soldier fighting a war whose essence has long been lost on him. Ronnie Pinkovitch, Alon Aboutbul and Shmuel Mizrahi lead one of the most homogeneously successful casts in recent Israeli films.

A ROOM WITH A VIEW — Adapted from an early E.M. Forster novel, James Ivory's film is an amusing society game, in which everybody tries to keep up appearances and anyone who doesn't is considered dangerous to the well-being of the gentry. Helena Bonham Carter is almost prepared to give up passionate Julian Sands for snobbish Daniel Day-Lewis, while Maggie Smith wrings her hands in despair, doing all the wrong things, which lead, of course, to the right results.

RUMBLE FISH — Francis Ford Coppola's display of sheer virtuosity in this black-and-white tribute to the youth-oriented films of the

SIOAH — A unique experience in the annals of our century, a brilliantly conceived, deeply disturbing and profoundly affecting musical work, which takes the Holocaust out of the history books and drops it right in our laps. In nine and a half hours of interviews, Claude Lanzmann fills in the details which transform the mechanism of genocide from an abstract idea to horrific reality and at the same time offers a despairing image of the world which could conceive it so thoroughly and could go on living without learning anything out of it. Not responsible human being can afford to miss this essential lesson.

TANGO — Argentinian political refugees in Paris try to put together a musical about Carlos Gardel, the prophet of the tango, and through history to reflect the frustration and pain of all those Argentinian exiles who never abandon hope of returning home some day. Fernando Solanas puts together a mosaic of musical scenes, powerfully directed, with plenty of humor and pathos. The result is fascinating, even if the subject is regarded as too serious to be treated in a musical. Astor Piazzola's soundtrack is one of the film's main assets.

A TRIP TO BOUNTIFUL — An old woman traveling into the past is the subject of another piece of Americana by Texas-born Horton Foote. Written for the stage, it remains stagebound on the screen, with Geraldine Page offering one of her much-larger-than-life performances in the lead.

TROUBLE IN MIND — Another intimate piece from director Alan Rudolph (*Chances*), this time about an ex-cop released from jail (Kris Kristofferson) who goes back to the bar kept by an old acquaintance (Genevieve Bujold) where he meets a worthless punk (Keith Carradine) and his timid wife (Lori Singer). Carradine dreams of easy riches, Singer takes up with Kristofferson for relief, and the movie combines lots of atmosphere with some very tough action. Characters are stronger than plot.

Some of the films listed are restricted to adult audiences. Please check with the cinema.

CENTRE CULTURE FRANÇAIS
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REMERQUES
* J. GABIN
* M. MORGAN
CHEN Tel. 666272
**RUTHLESS
PEOPLE**
Sat. 7.9, 9.15
Weekdays 4:30, 7.9, 9.15
**KEREN OR
HAMEHUDASH Tel. 663443**
7th week
**GINGER AND
FRED**
Sat. 7.9, 9.15
Weekdays 4:30, 6:45, 9
SHAHAF Tel. 296645
11th week
**HANNAH AND
HER SISTERS**
Fri. 9:45 p.m., 12
Sat. 7.9, 9.30
Weekdays 4:30, 7.9, 9.30
TAMUZ Tel. 412761
3rd week
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 8:30 p.m.
BARRY LINDON
Sat. 1: VIVA LA VIE
Sat. 3: CASA BLANC
Sat. 5: NIGHT PORTER
Sat. 12 midnight: STREETS OF
FIRE
Tue. 12 midnight: TOP SECRET
Thur. 12 midnight: HAROLD AND
MAUDE
TCHELET Tel. 443950
5th week
**THE GODS MUST
BE CRAZY**
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30
TEL AVIV Tel. 288181
2nd week

**CLINT EASTWOOD
"THUNDERBOLT and
LIGHTFOOT"**
Fri. 10 p.m., 12 midnight
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30
TEL AVIV MUSEUM
Tel. 261297
32nd week
SHOAH (I)
Tue., Wed. 7
SHOAH (II)
Sat. 6; weekdays 1
ZAFON Tel. 442966
5th week
THE MISSION
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7.9, 9.30
Weekdays 4:30, 7.9, 9.30
HAIFA
AMPHITHEATRE
Tel. 6640178
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4:30, 7.9, 9.15
COBRA MISSION
ARMON Tel. 664848
INSTANT JUSTICE
Sat. 7.9, 9.15
Weekdays 4:30, 7.9, 9.15
ATZMON I Tel. 663003
4th week
BACK TO SCHOOL
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.9, 9.15
Weekdays 4:30, 7.9, 9.15
ATZMON 2 Tel. 663003
8th week
AVANTI POPOLO
An Israeli film, nominated
for a 1987 Oscar
Fri. 10:15 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:45, 7:15, 9:30

RAV-GAT 1
**PEGGY SUE
GOT MARRIED**
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.9, 9.15
Weekdays 4:30, 7.9, 9.15
RAV-GAT 2
BLUE VELVET
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 6:45, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 6:45, 9:15
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* LORRAINE DREYFUS
in a great comedy
**DETECTIVE
SCHOOL
DROPOUTS**
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 6:45, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 6:45, 9:15
SHAHAF Tel. 296645
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Tel. 261297
32nd week
SHOAH

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

ADVENTURES IN JAZZ - With well-known musicians. (Pargod, today at 1:30 p.m., Wednesday at 9:30 p.m.)

ARIEL ZILBER - Evening of old and new songs. (Tzavta, tonight at 10 p.m.)

ASTAR SHAMIR - Singer-guitarist, presents her songs. (Pargod, tomorrow at 9:30 p.m.)

FACING EAST TRIO - Steve Paskoff, Gerry Garvel, Jean Claude Jones. Original jazz with an eastern flavour. (Pargod, Wednesday at 9:30 p.m.)

FLAMENCO GUITAR SOLO - With Jose Miguel (Old Jaffa, Hasiniah, tomorrow at 11 p.m.)

HUMOROUS HISTORY - Tuvia Tzafir, Dahu Gal and others. (Humour and satire on the history of Israel. Jerusalem Sherover Theatre, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA - The 10:00 Yeshiva Band. (Mount Zion Centre, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA - (Israel Centre, 10 Stars, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

ON A LOW FLAME - Avner Stratus presents original guitar pieces, flamenco, jazz songs. (Pargod, Thursday at 9:30 p.m.)

WITH A STRAIGHT FACE - Hanna Laslo presents skits and songs. (Jerusalem Sherover Theatre, Monday at 8:30 p.m.)

FROM YEMEN TO ISRAEL - Yemite and Israeli songs, with singer Reuma Abbas and dancers Yeludana and Lili Cohen. (Zionist Confederation House, Emile Botta St., Yemite House, tomorrow at 8:30)

Tel Aviv area

BARFUTY - Musical theatre on Ben Gurion's life. (Rehovot, Wis, Thursday at 8 p.m.)

"ROSEEM" - Israeli top rock band, Harel David from '68 and '70. (Rock Cafe, 92 Herbert Samuel, from 9 p.m. onwards)

THE CONVOY PASSES - With Ronnie Yedlin. (Little Tzavta, Monday at 10 p.m.)

DON'T HOLD ME TO MY WORD - New pantomime programme with Hannele Rosenfeld. (Herzliya, David, tonight at 10 p.m.; Tel Aviv, Nahmani, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; Rehovot, Wis, Monday at 8:30 p.m.)

HABREILA HATITIV - Selection of their new songs. (Beit Leisvin, Upper Cellar, Thursday at 10 p.m.)

KORIN ALAL - Israeli rock. (Beit Leisvin, Upper Cellar, tonight at 11:30 p.m.)

MAMI - Rock fantasy. Produced and directed by Hillel Mitterpunkt. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

MATTI CASPI AND THE PARVIM - South American songs. (Herzliya, Daniel Tower, Auditorium, tonight at 10:30 p.m.)

90-60-90 TRIO - Entertainment Show. (Ramat Gan, Orde, tonight at 10 p.m.)

NOSTALGIC NIGHTS - Songs composed by Mordechai Zaira. (Beit Leisvin, Upper Cellar, Monday at 9 p.m.)

SING ALONG - With Elie Netzer and his guests, the Harmonica Trio. (ZOA House, 1 Frisch, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

SOMETHING IN HER HEART - Nuri Galon's new programme. (Tzavta, tonight at 9:30 and 11:45 p.m.)

UPPER JAZZ CELLAR - With the Combo II Pargod band. (Beit Leisvin, Upper Cellar, Sunday at 9:45 p.m.)

WITH A STRAIGHT FACE - See J'lem. (Givataim, Shuvit, tonight at 10 p.m.; Tel Aviv, Beit Hichayal, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

YAFFA YARKONI - Old and new songs, skits, plus guest artists. (Beit Leisvin, Upper Cellar, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

BeerSheva

EVERLASTING COVENANT - With Ehud Manor and Matti Caspi. (BeerSheva Theatre, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

Others

APPLES OF GOLD - Film recounting the history of the Jewish people. (Elit, Moriah Hotel, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

BARFUTY - See J'lem. (Elit, Moriah Hotel, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

POETRY AND DANCE - With poets Shulamith Apori and Reni Somak, and dancer Michael Saron. (Emil Botta Village, Beit Gertud, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

Hadas Ofrit rehearses for the Train Theatre's production of "Icarus - A Second Flight," showing at the Khan, Monday. (Photo: Shai Zakai)

FOR CHILDREN

Jerusalem

ELEPHANTS... SIMILEPHANTS - By the Train Theatre. (Train Theatre, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

SILLY GOOSE - Fable by the Window Puppet Theatre. (Train Theatre, tomorrow at 11 a.m., noon)

STORY-TELLING HOUR - For ages 6-10. (Ticho House, Sunday at 4 p.m.)

STORY-TELLING HOUR - For ages 4-10. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

PICTURE BOOKS, PUPPETS AND SONGS - Ages 3-6 (in English). (Israel Museum, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

BUTTERFLIES IN THE HEAD - Stories, songs and more. (Beit Leisvin, tomorrow at 11:30 a.m.)

THE OLD MAN WHO SCATTERED CHERRIES - A Japanese legend. Adapted by Yaron Kozner and Yaffa Hish. (Tzavta, Sunday at 4 p.m.)

SILLY GOOSE - See J'lem. (Beit Ariela, Thursday at 4 p.m.)

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8:30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

MORNING CONCERT - The Edom Trio. Works by Haydn, Schubert, Beethoven, Dvorak. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11:11 a.m.)

ORGAN RECITAL - By Hubert Best. (Birmingham Cathedral). Works by Bach and Liszt. (St. George's Cathedral, Nablus Rd., tomorrow at 8 p.m.)

GERSHWIN - A CLASSICAL COMPOSER - Lectures-concert with pianist Ami Sella Schick. (France). Moderated by Andre Hajdu. (Zionist Confederation House, Emile Botta St., Yemite Moshe, Sunday)

GERMAN BAROQUE CANTATAS - Ensemble of singers and authentic instruments directed by Galia and Michael Melzer. Works by Handel, Telemann, Bach. (Dormition Abbey, Mt. Zion, Sunday)

THE NETANYA ORCHESTRA - Conductor Samuel Lewis. An evening of light classical and popular music by Jewish composers, in aid of Emunah. (Laronimo Hotel, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

"TONES AND VOICES" - Israel Chamber Orchestra. Joseph Silverstein, conductor and violin; Emanuel Gruber, cello; Oded Pintus, oboe; Zvi Ben-Zur, bassoon. Works by Mozart, Haydn, Schubert and Hummel. (Jerusalem Sherover Theatre, Tuesday)

JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA - Conductor: David Robertson. Soloists: Yehuda Hanin, cello. Works by Mozart, Haydn, Schubert. (Jerusalem Theatre, Henry Crown, Wednesday and Thursday)

"ETNAFTA" - Moti Schmidt, violin; Allan Szmuch, piano. Works by Schumann, Szymanowski, Kopytman and others. (YMCA, Thursday at 4 p.m.)



THEATRE

All productions are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

ACTORS - By Hanan Yavin. A presentation of our political dilemmas. (Jerusalem Theatre, Rebecca Crown, Monday at 9 p.m.)

ICARUS - A SECOND FLIGHT - Inspired by two stories, one from Greek mythology, the other by Gabriel Garcia Marquez. Produced by the Train Theatre. (Khan, Monday at 8:30 p.m.)

PAINOTRAPPAIORT - By Herb Gardner. Comedy produced by the Camera Theatre. (Jerusalem Sherover Theatre, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

LITTLE EYOLF - By Henrik Ibsen. (Khan Theatre production. A family drama. (Khan, tomorrow and Tuesday through Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

MY MOTHER THE GENERAL - Presented by Jerusalem Stage. Adaptation of an Israeli comedy by Eli Saghi (in English). (Nurit Kozar Centre, 27 Hillel, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

VACATION - A comedy without words. By the Contact Theatre (France). Presented by Alliance Francaise. (Gerard Behar, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE ZOO STORY - By Edward Albee. Directed by Allan Rosenwasser. (in English). (Pargod, Tuesday at 9:30 p.m.)

SOUL'S BIRD - A combination of acting, dancing, and drawing, based on the book by Michael Saron. For ages 4-8. (Rishon LeZion, Tzavta, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

TICKLISH TAI ES - Nonsense versions of fairy tales. Ages 8 and above. (ZOA House, 1 Frisch, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

JOURNEY OF STORIES - By Uzi Ben Canaan. Performed by Netta Ahavi. (Old Jaffa, Hasiniah, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

Haifa

TICKLISH TALES - See T.A. (Kiryat Haim, Beit Nagler, Tuesday at 5 p.m.)

Material for publication must be at the Jerusalem Post offices in Jerusalem (in writing) on the Sunday morning of the week of publication.

For last minute changes, and to check if programmes are for subscribers only, please contact box office.

EXTREMITIES - Beit Leisvin production. A thriller about an attempted rape. (Beit Leisvin, tonight at 9 p.m., tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

GROS CALIN - Satire by Emile Ajar. Hasiniah production. (Old Jaffa, Hasiniah, tonight at 11:30 p.m.)

ARIAS, SONGS & DUETS - Varda Kotler, mezzo-soprano; Yotam Cohen, tenor; Binyamin Perl, piano. Works by Mozart, Verdi, Mahler and others. (Ramat Hasharon, Beit Yael Lehanim, Monday at 9 p.m.)

KIBBUTZ CHAMBER ORCHESTRA - Conductor Shalom Ronly-Riklis. Soloists Michael Melzer, flute. Works by Correlli, Haydn and Brahms. (Tzavta, Tuesday at 4:30 p.m.)

Haifa

GERMAN BAROQUE CANTATAS - Ensemble of singers with Paul Gerhardt Adam (Germany), contra-tenor. Directed by Galia and Michael Melzer. Works by Buxtehude, Scheide, Handel, Telemann, Bach. (Haifa Museum, tomorrow)

HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA - Conductor Dalia Adin. With the Batsheva Dance Company. Works by Bach, Rossini, Debussy, Stravinsky. (Haifa Auditorium, Sunday, Monday)

"TONES AND VOICES" - See J'lem. (Haifa Auditorium, Wednesday)

THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA - Music director Zubin Mehta

RUBINSTEIN CENTENARY

Jerusalem

MOZART, MENDELSSOHN & BEETHOVEN - With pianist Murray Perahia and Radu Lupu. (Binyoni Ha'uma, Sunday)

BEETHOVEN & TCHAIKOVSKY - Daniel Barenboim, piano. (Binyoni Ha'uma, Thursday)

"KIDDI SH" - Family drama written and directed by Shmuel Hassid. (Tzavta, Tuesday through Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

KREUTZERSONATA - By Fyodor. A study of sex and power. (Beit Leisvin, Upper Cellar, tonight at 9 p.m.)

THE LAST SEPTUAGINT JEW - By Shmuel Hassid. A political drama. (Tzavta, Sunday and Monday at 8:30 p.m.)

LAST SUMMER - By Jean Chambers. A group of lesbians hold an annual offering. (Old Jaffa, Hasiniah, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

MIRRELE ERAT - Habimah Theatre production. Adaptation of the famous Yiddish play by Jacob Gordin. (Habimah, Rova, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

OPEN TO SUGGESTIONS - Hata Munnay at Theatre production. Ruth Sepal in a one woman show - except about a woman who has lost her memory, and her identity. (Beit Leisvin, Upper Cellar, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

ROBINSON CRUSOE - Habimah Theatre production. An improvisation on the story. (in basic English). (Beit Leisvin, Upper Cellar, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

SKIN - By Emile Ajar and Noga Eshed. A father-daughter relationship. (Old Jaffa, Hasiniah, tonight at 10 p.m.)

TONQUES - By Sam Shepard. Train Theatre production. Examination of life on the edge of death. (Beit Yael Lehanim, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

UNCLE VANYA - By Chekhov. Habimah Theatre production. About courage and hope. (Habimah, Meskin, Saturday at 8:30 and 9:30 p.m.; Sunday and Monday at 8:30 p.m.)

VACATION - See J'lem. (Beit Leisvin, Monday at 9:30 p.m.)

WHY'S AFRAID OF HANUKH LEVINE? - With Camerlactors Zahara (Haifa), Albert Cohen and Yossef Carmel. (ZOA House, 1 Frisch, tonight at 10 p.m.)

Beersheva

ACTORS - See J'lem. (Matis, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

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American-Jewish girl "to develop the feminine side of my nature, in preparation for the Aquarian Age."

He tends to gloss over this episode; but a perusal of the Findhorn literature discloses that there was a serious rift and that, at one stage, the community, in which Eileen Caddy still played a vital behind-the-scenes role, formally dissociated itself from its founder.

However, there was a reconciliation. Caddy now regularly visits the community with his new wife, a Texan named Paula, and their child. This year he is to undertake a world lecture tour with Eileen (who was away at the time of our visit).

Lecturing is Caddy's main activity today. He himself has never heard an inner voice, but he believes implicitly in the experiences of Eileen and Dorothy. It was his job, he maintains, to implement the instructions received by the two women.

THE COMMUNITY is not - and never has been - a democracy, explains Australian Jeremy Slocombe, one of today's leaders. Initially, it was guided by a strong leader. When Peter Caddy left, a Frenchman, Francois Duquesne, took over, abolished the deficit and put the place on a sound business footing. He was a good administrator with a strong vision, but was less authoritative than Caddy. The most recent leader, who has just stepped down, American Jay Jermain, exerted an "almost invisible" leadership.

"Jay was an excellent coordinator," observes Jeremy. "He was appropriate to this stage of our development."

Jeremy, 31, youthful, eager, humorous, came to Findhorn nine years ago. Like many other members, he arrived after a spiritual crisis. In his case, the pressures of working in public relations in his native Australia brought on a nervous breakdown.

He is very sane, matter-of-fact, prepared to laugh at the community and himself; but he is still a believer. He meditates at least once a day. But he thinks the various psychic phenomena associated with Findhorn are a distraction from the most important thing, which is for people to work together in the right spirit.

Standing in the famous garden - today a very ordinary vegetable garden - he attributes its former success to "a combination of low, compost, hard work and conscious intention."

How does Findhorn work? "I wish I knew," Jeremy replies smilingly to the question. "We are the despair of social analysts."

When Caddy, the "strong leader," left, he handed over authority to a "core group" of some dozen members. This was later supplemented by "focalizers" of the different branches.

As Caddy's successor, Francois Duquesne was "community focalizer." His first act was to take the core group to the island of Erraid for a week of spiritual contemplation and discussion about the community's future. It was then that they decided on their development from a community into a global village.

Meditation is a vital part of the Findhorn way of life. There are 10 sanctuaries there, with three set meditations each day; but members can go and meditate individually whenever they see fit.

No votes are taken in the community: decision is by consensus, which is arrived at by a process of discussion and meditation.

Who decides membership of the core group? Who appoints the focalizers?

"We reach agreement together," explains Jeremy. "All members of the community are involved; but it is not democracy." He does not contradict my definition of a "self-

perpetuating oligarchy, like Plato's Republic," but he asserts: "It was more Platonic in Caddy's time."

WHO IS a member of Findhorn? Even that is not clear. There is a process of absorption, starting with an "Experience Week," and continuing with a number of programmes, through a two-year student membership. During the first year, the student member pays \$150 per month (NIS 320) for working and studying there, and supports himself. For the second year he receives his board and lodging free, but has to support himself entirely apart from that.

In addition, there are dozens of other programmes, ranging in length from one week to one year. There are workshops in such subjects as healing, essence, art, pottery, kitchen experience, sacred dance, transformation, coming alive, and nature's mystery school.

"The foundation does not provide paid employment for either guests or members," reads an introductory brochure, "nor do we offer food and lodging in exchange for work."

There is money available in the Western world today, and Findhorn is claiming its share. But no one suitable, insists Jeremy, is ever turned away for lack of money.

Nevertheless, Findhorn is very selective. In the early days, Peter Caddy had no hesitation about showing unsuitable candidates the door. Today, it is the job of the personnel branch to turn away undesirable. Only very rarely do the local police have to be called in.

After two years, the candidate wishing to stay on can apply for a staff appointment in the community. If he is accepted, he is supported by the foundation and given a modest allowance equivalent to NIS 15 per week. Recently, a new category has been added: the independent member.

JEREMY himself is now an independent, heading a publication company. So is Francois Duquesne. Having stepped down from the leadership, he is starting a computer software business. The community helps the independents to get started; but then they are expected to purchase their accommodation and to support themselves. They are required to pay a modest sum for any meals they eat in the communal dining hall. They have no formal financial commitment to the community, but are expected to contribute both time and (eventually) money. Jeremy still serves on the core group and gave up a full day to looking after us.

The appearance of the independent member is an illustration of our development from a community into a village," he suggests.

Walking around, we meet Roger Drouhin, a Ph.D., who is hard at work converting an oak whisky-cask into a one-roomed house. "This is Findhorn," he tells us. "A surplus of talent, working on superfluities!"

There is a great deal of laughter as he gives his opinion that it is "only big enough for one person to live in; but there is room for 30 guests." He expects that he will live in the cask himself "for a time."

Other members are working on a "nature sanctuary," with plants growing on the roof.

The members of Findhorn are particularly proud of their "universal hall," built (like everything else in the community) without any outside labour. The large auditorium and activity rooms are certainly an impressive achievement, even if far from the esthetic triumph they are claimed to be.

ELI AND GABI Lasch are a very Israeli couple. Eli is a solid, middle-



A group hug (above). 'Working at Findhorn... is done with love' (opposite).

(Photos: Findhorn Foundation)

aged, grey-haired, intellectual; Gabi has a direct friendliness. Her tan still lingers in these cold climes, and she uses no makeup. They own an apartment in Old Jaffa, and one can easily visualize them sitting around on a Friday night in Israel, eating sunflower seeds and arguing about the future of the West Bank, or the encroachment of religion. It is strange to hear them talking in the terminology of the New Age as they sit in their Findhorn caravan.

Eli established the pediatric service in the Gaza Strip, seeing infant mortality plummet from 150 to 30 per thousand in his 13 years there. He felt he had to leave because he was becoming a bottleneck, preventing the local Arab doctors from assuming responsibility.

He also came to believe that Israel would never give up the territories. Gaza and the West Bank should be relinquished, he thinks; if not, at least the population there should have equal services to those enjoyed by Israelis. He does not see this happening in the foreseeable future.

As a doctor, he was happy to help the Gaza population, but he does not want to represent an occupying power.

"In Israel I got it from both left and right," he recalls ruefully. "The left saw me as a collaborator, the right as an Arab lover."

For him, Findhorn is clearly a retreat from the pressures of the last 13 years; but he stresses the positive. Findhorn, he says, means "joy, tolerance, light and love."

Eli and Gabi are work-scholars for six months: they spend half the day working, he in the kitchen, she in the maintenance branch, and the other half on their projects and developing their self-awareness. Gabi is occupied with her sculpture; Eli is working on his new interpretation of the Bible.

INSISTING that "Findhorn cannot be reported, only experienced," the three of them take us to the "sacred dance" in the universal hall. The folk dances, from Brittany, Greece and (mostly) Israel, were led by Esther Austin, a delightful black girl, born in Manchester, who spent four years in Israel, working as a volunteer on a kibbutz and later in Jerusalem.

She loved the country and yearns to return for a visit. "I got by as a Yemite then," she says with a smile. "Now I suppose I'd be an Ethiopian."

ZIONISM threw out the spiritual element in Judaism, says Eli. "That

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Not so uniform

Forty per cent of women conscripts are assigned to clerical work. But women in the IDF are moving into jobs once held only by men, reports Marcia Kretzner. Photos: Israel Talby.



AHUVA gets home at around 6 o'clock each night, 11 hours after leaving for her army base. Once home, she changes out of uniform and phones her boyfriend. After supper she generally reads or practices her flute before her next lesson. Occasionally she goes to the cinema, but makes sure of being in bed at a reasonable hour in order to be on time next morning for her job as a postal clerk.

Ahuva says that since she is not particularly enamoured of army life, living at home is probably the best arrangement for her. But she admits to a sense of keen frustration, even depression at the limited horizons of her army job. Despite a certain amount of responsibility and the occasional challenge - not to mention the constant pressure - most of her time is spent on "totally mindless" things such as filing, cross-referencing and rubber-stamping.

Work relations are good, she says, especially with her Chen (Women's Corps) officer "who's more like a friend." But she makes an exception where her commanding officer is concerned.

"Relations with him are not really satisfactory, and in a way you can understand it. His whole career has been in paper work - he's never been in combat. He would be nothing in civilian life. So he exploits the power given him by his rank."

However, she concedes, there are far worse commanders, so she does not consider herself particularly unfortunate. Even the despised role of coffee-maker to the boss has ceased to trouble her overmuch.

STILL, the question is not whether Ahuva is more or less fortunate in her lot, but whether she could not be

spending her two years of army service in a more-rewarding manner and whether the army itself could not be making better use of a girl of above-average intelligence and ability.

More meaningful army service for women has been Tal-Aluf Amira Dotan's battle cry since she took office as commander of the Women's Corps four years ago.

Dotan was a speaker recently at a one-day seminar on the subject held at the Hebrew University. The IDF's first woman general placed a premium on encouraging women to resist taking the easy way out and to opt for the IDF's more challenging jobs. The importance of doing so goes beyond army service, she said. Women who prove themselves in the army have greater confidence in their own capabilities and as a result can have a positive effect on the way society regards women.

Another speaker at the seminar, which was jointly organized by the Women's Corps, the Ministry of Education and the Hebrew University's Programme of Sex Differences in Society, was sociologist Prof. Rivka Bar-Yosef. Her research showed that of the occupations open to women, it was clerical work that was mainly responsible for dissatisfaction, alienation and feelings of under-employment.

FORTY PER CENT of women conscripts are assigned to some form of clerical work. Yet the stereotype of lowly, coffee-making clerk need not be inevitable today, speakers told the audience, which consisted mainly of school principals, teachers and vocational counsellors as well as a sprinkling of school-leavers and parents of girls about to go into the army.

Women, who play a large part in the IDF and are better educated, on average than their male counterparts, are now moving into jobs formerly held by men only.

Encouragingly, enlistment did not drop, as some feared after 1977, when it became easier for women to gain exemption from army service on religious grounds. Enlistment today is even higher than it was then. Sixty-five per cent of all women serve, while 25 per cent are exempted on religious grounds. Courses are now beginning to be available for the remaining 10 per cent, rejected for reasons of poor education or general unsuitability and the first graduates of these courses are integrating successfully into army life.

The key to women's advancement in the army is technological education and training, was the chief message of the seminar. But, it was stressed, it is scarcely worth investing in on-the-job training for women unless they are prepared to serve for three years like men.

But how many girls would be anxious to serve an extra year in order to get what might be only a marginally more interesting job? It is likely too, that if service were upped to three years, the number of women applying for exemptions would rise, leaving fewer still to carry the burden.

EVEN NOW, everything indicates that things are opening up for women in the army. In 1981, out of 709 job categories, only 225 were open to women. Now the figure is 516. These include not only much-coveted, "glamorous" positions like regimental clerk, but a range of skilled and challenging jobs; artillery

and tank instructors, auto and aircraft mechanics, medics, cartographer, ABC (atomic, bacteriological and chemical) specialists, computer programmers, arms inspectors, personnel officers, social workers and technicians administering psychological tests.

Jobs in a civilian setting now include teaching Arabic in high schools.

However, the most sought-after jobs require preliminary training courses known by the acronym *kadutz*, lasting anything from two to 10 months. Unfortunately, this is just what may deter many girls, fresh out of school, with the rigours of their final exams behind them and raring for an active social life with extra pocket-money from a non-demanding job - or maybe even a trip abroad - before they don army uniform.

In addition, Ahuva pointed out, these courses are not an automatic passport to interesting and worthwhile service. Some of her friends had completed courses only to find themselves in clerical work anyway, as they could not be placed in the job of their choice.

All the same, Ahuva says that had she known about the *kadutz* courses, she might well have opted for one, as well as thinking twice about electing to serve "close to home."

"I was naive enough to think that my *bugrut* results as well as knowing two foreign languages would be enough to land me a worthwhile job," she says.

IN FUTURE, fewer girls will be left to sink or swim, as Ahuva was. Army information programmes, launched in 1979, are now offered in 400 schools round the country. Headed

by Sgan-Aluf Avi Lusky, the programmes are based on seminars, films, explanatory leaflets - even a taste of basic training.

Women conscripts are now offered a list of at least 30 preliminary training courses as well as an attractive little booklet explaining the ins and outs of army life. Though its pink binding and sketches of cheeky, bosomy recruits with wide eyes and dimpled knees drew a few disparaging comments from some participants in the seminar, the Chen booklet is a friendly, informal guide, containing useful information which should dispel much of the pre-army uncertainty and confusion experienced by girls and their parents.

One indication of the greater esteem women are demanding and getting in the army, is the prompt and thorough attention given to complaints of sexual harassment. You are not in the army to serve your commander's every whim, states the pink booklet. If you are victim of sexual harassment, complain. We'll help.

ONE DIFFICULTY about promoting technological training as the open sesame to army life is that girls still lag behind boys in both aptitude and interest in scientific courses. It is indicative that of the 270 high-school students, evenly divided between boys and girls, who attended the prestigious Youth Science Centre courses held at the Hebrew University's Givat Ram campus last year, not one girl elected to take a computer-science course.

Directors of the centre were quick to point out that this bleak picture did not reflect the participation of girls in regular, year-round courses.

(Opposite page) A woman artillery instructor at the shooting range with IDF conscripts. (This page, clockwise from right) An air force mechanic takes a break, a Golan unit regimental clerk in field conditions, a social worker on an air force base.



Yet according to their figures, girls are still under-represented in the science-based courses. Girls make up only 21 per cent of elementary-school pupils and 25 per cent of high-school pupils in science and technology courses.

Another problem about this kind of training is that a certain proportion of women are bound to find themselves doing office work. No institution can get by without its clerical workers, and the army is no exception.

The argument tends to go round in circles. Women are urged to make gargantuan efforts to rise above the limits prescribed for them. They must relinquish "safe," low-level clerical jobs and seek out the challenging, science-based ones. But the IDF, being first and foremost a fighting force, does not exist in order to provide its recruits with a meaningful experience. The needs of the army come first, it was emphasized repeatedly; individual wishes last. This seems to bring women right back to where they started - renouncing their skills and interests in favour of docile acceptance of a subservient role.

THE ONLY WAY out of this impasse is to change the perception of women in the army as an auxiliary force and to do something radical to upgrade the status of clerical work. This is the view of Yael Rom, Israel's first woman air force pilot and a prominent advocate of women's rights.

In an interview with *The Jerusalem Post*, Rom protested the widespread lack of regard for clerical work. A first step towards raising morale would be improving the often mediocre administrative skills

of the commanders. Computers should be introduced so that the IDF will reflect the revolution taking place in administrative work. There should be on-the-job advanced training for office workers. This is where the emphasis should be, said Rom.

Countering the general conception of women in the army as an auxiliary force is a sensitive issue. The point at which good will loses out to ingrained prejudice became all too evident during the seminar. Incredulity and suppressed sniggers were the reaction from the audience when one of the speakers, Aluf-Mishne Uri Mannos, commander of the Golan, the paramilitary youth movement, declared: "We're generally softer on the girls than on the boys in the army - especially when they cry!"

Tal-Aluf Dotan, visibly attempting to control her emotion, indicated that this speech was a perfect illustration of what women were up against in the army.

"What Uri says, others are thinking," she said, making it plain that the battle is being waged on two fronts: against women's deep-seated fears of responsibility and against male prejudices regarding women's potential in the forces.

FOR SOME TIME now, the slogan has been that women can do anything men can in the army, except fight. The reason usually given is fear of the consequences if women soldiers were to be taken prisoner.

Yael Rom, who won fame flying paratroopers to the Mita Pass in the Suez Campaign, gives an identical reason to explain why she is likely to remain the IDF's first and last woman pilot. "In the event of the

plane's falling into enemy hands," she says, "the price for a woman pilot's release would be far beyond anything the state has been called upon to pay up to now."

A policy decision taken last April makes it even less likely that girls wanting to emulate the redoubtable Rom will be able to do so. They will not be accepted for pilots' courses even for transport flights between bases within Israeli borders.

Nevertheless, Prof. Golia Golan, who heads the Hebrew University's Programme for Sex Differences in Society, believes that we are entering a new era for women in the army. "A great deal of this has to do with the changes Tal-Aluf Dotan has introduced since taking office," she told *The Post*. "So far, the *kadutz* courses are the best solution, offering women more meaningful alternatives."

Ahuva belongs to that group of young women Dotan wants to help break into new and challenging fields. However, as the end of her service draws near, she doesn't feel disillusioned or that she has wasted her time.

"I've learned a lot," she says. "True, there have been times when I've felt exploited or as if I were turning into a vegetable - and I wouldn't go through it again, not if you paid me a million dollars."

"But even living at home, I've been forced into a new environment, have had to learn how to cope and make my way. I've learned to work under pressure, get along with all sorts of people. This is the way things are here: You can't live in the country and not serve in the army."

"The truth is, if you make an effort to get something out of it - it really pays off!"

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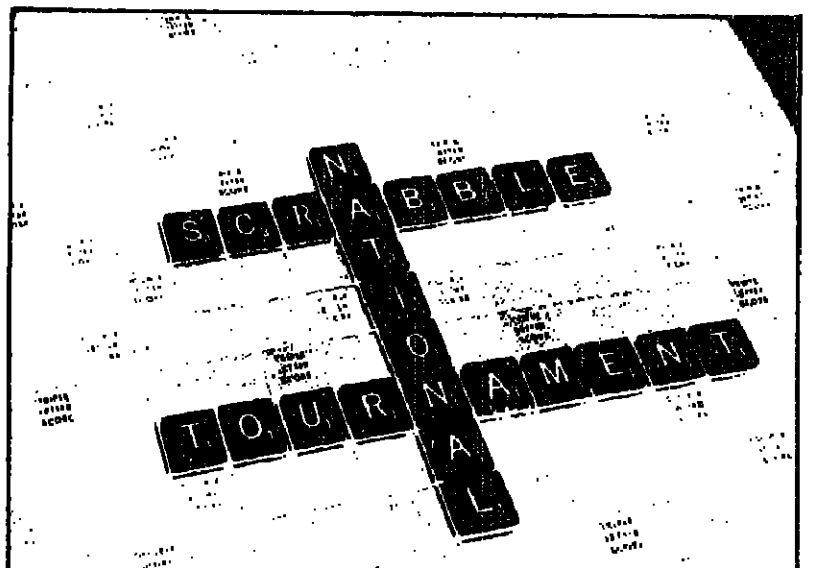
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In those days there was no king in Israel; every man did that which was right in his own eyes. (Judges, final verse)

IT IS RARE that one quotes the Bible in a consumer column. It is also rare that one finds a consumer field with quite so much anarchy as that of heating household water. In recent weeks, people have been asking me for guidance through a maze of advertisements promising "instant hot water," "faster hot water," "cheaper hot water," and combinations thereof. Do they work? Are they cheaper? Are they safe? Will they damage the existing system?

One would expect to find clear answers at the Israel Standards Institution. After all, the standard for manufacturing electric boilers and solar plates and tanks are not only "official," which means they are compulsory, but all such products must carry a clear standards emblem (*tav taken*) of the Institution. (That this requirement is not fully enforced is another matter.)

But public demand and commercial developments have far outpaced Standards Institution supervision. Over the past decade, commercial companies and private householders have been installing all sorts of fast-water-heating devices on their own responsibility—or irresponsibility.

Even today, the Institution is only just beginning to catch up with market-place realities. Its Standard 1191 for the new version of the Electrical Instantaneous Water Heater, which used to be known by the brand-name Atmor but has recently been renamed Atmoran, is currently undergoing significant revision as to the maximum permissible electricity load, and no firm is yet allowed to affix a Standards emblem.

FOR AN entirely different category of speedy-hot-water devices, there exists no Standard at all. This is the accelerator or "sleeve" (*sharvi*) which fits over the regular heating element in an ordinary solar or electrical water tank. Its purpose is to isolate about 30 litres of water—enough for a single shower—and heat it quickly. In the case of an indoor tank, this saves not only time but electricity.

No one disputes that these sleeves work—or that they save time and money. In question, however, is their long-term effect on other components of the tank. It has been noticed that at least some of them seem to increase the build-up of mineral deposits in the tank, clogging the heating element to burn out prematurely. A sleeve may also interfere with the proper functioning of the magnesium bar which is supposed to enhance the anti-corrosive coating inside new tanks.

It is unreasonable to expect the average consumer, or even the average consumer writer, to understand all these technical aspects of water heaters. At long last, the Standards Institution, with an Energy Ministry grant, is developing a test to evaluate the long-range effects of the accelerators or sleeves on hot-water tanks.

In charge of the project is an American immigrant engineer, Abraham Rudnick, who is director of research at the Institution. He told me he hopes to have his recommendations ready to pass on to a Standards committee within about two months. But judging from experience, I do not expect much practical help on the subject to be available until next winter at the earliest.

Understandably while he is in the research stage, Rudnick would give only the vaguest information on his findings. He says he is aware of nearly half a dozen such accelerators on the market today. "With new ones popping up all the time, some plain,

Getting into hot water

MARKETING WITH MARTHA



lie, some metal. He hints that there may have to be two separate rulings on accelerators—one for electrical boilers, in which the electrical element is in use year around; the other for solar tanks, fitted with an electrical element, which is only a winter-time booster.

AS FOR the possible saving of energy with an accelerator, the consumer must not expect miracles. For instance, heating a tankful of water will take exactly the same amount of time and electricity with or without a sleeve. Water trapped and heated in the sleeve goes straight to the top of the tank, whence it is piped directly into the household system. (Say it takes four hours to heat an entire 120-litre tank (depending on the season and the temperature you demand), and you can get enough for a single shower in perhaps even half an hour, the saving is obvious.)

The average household tank (120 or 150 litres), whether electric or solar, has a heating element which uses two kilowatts of electricity per hour (kph). Since a kilowatt-hour costs about 9.5 agorot, it costs 19 agorot per hour to use the average water heater.

Electric boilers adapted to a night-time rate cost only slightly less to run and the Electric Corporation says the number of consumers on the night-rate is constantly declining.

Household tanks of 180 and 200 litres have elements of 2.5 kw. strength, while those of 240 and 300 litres are permitted a 3 kw. element. These limits are set in the standards for electrical and solar water tanks in order to prevent individual households from overloading their circuits and to spread the national load throughout the day and night so as to prevent peak-hour crises.

AT THIS early stage of its research into the long-range effects of quick-heating sleeves, the Standards Institution is distressed about the loose way some manufacturers have used its name in their advertisements, with phrases such as "tested by the Standards Institution" or "stood up in comparative tests of the Standards Institution." While not outright lies, these are not the same as "approved by the Standards Institution" and mislead the public.

Strictly speaking, the spokeswoman told me, no firm should refer to the Standards Institution in its ad-

manufacturers that adding a quick-heating sleeve to an approved tank after inspection would invalidate the *tav taken*. But since June 1985, a manufacturer may add an accelerator after inspection if he gives a three-year guarantee on the accelerator itself, the electric heating element, and the flange on which the element rests. Normally, the element and flange are guaranteed for only one year. In questioning manufacturers, I found that most were disregarding the demand for a three-year guarantee. When queried on this, the Standards Institution told me it has little authority to regulate the terms of warranties. So much for that demand.

TWO PROMINENT manufacturers of water-heating systems, Chromagen and Miromit, will install accelerator sleeves in their new tanks at the customer's request. Both say they use only the original synthetic-rubber "Hamam" sleeve which has been on the market for over five years.

This was developed at the Scientific Research Foundation of Jerusalem by a team headed by Dr. Zvi (Harry) Tavor. It is made of EPDM, which says Tavor, is flexible and therefore always lightly in motion and limestone does not stick to it. Nor does it transmit any of the heat to the outside of the sleeve, as does metal.

The authentic Hamam, made by Odic, can be recognized by its name, by its white box, and by its patent number, 59569. This may be important, because there is a look-alike copy, also in black synthetic-rubber, against which the inventors currently have a lawsuit.

Sold as a sleeve alone, the Hamam has a recommended retail price of NIS 42. However, on existing tanks it is advisable to replace the electrical element and flange as well, and this brings the total price up to NIS 69.

There has been something of an advertising war this season between Hamam and a lesser-known device called Melhamit, developed and produced by Aryo and Haim Amit of the Haifa firm, Mei-Amit.

"Melhamit is not a sleeve" is the slogan in its ads, and when I asked for an explanation, I was told that it is "a cross between an Atmor-type heater and a sleeve." Like a sleeve, the Melhamit goes into the regular tank and encases the heating element. But it also involves redirecting the water flow so that it passes the heating element twice, thereby speeding up heating. The device is made of a combination of metal and PVC, and its producers claim that this prevents the formation of limestone deposits.

Personally, I would prefer to await the opinion of some impartial technical authority before attempting to evaluate it. I was made a little wary by the fact that the better-known water-heating companies do not seem to have adopted it, but Aryo Amit tells me some companies in the Haifa area and the north are using it. As an additive to existing tanks, Melhamit sells for NIS 80.

ONE OF THE firms which puts the Hamam sleeve in its new tanks, Chromagen of Kibbutz Sha'ar Ha'amakim, has also been promoting another way to save time and money in heating water—and that is by installing a small, 30-litre electric boiler in an apartment. This can be an alternative to a large electric or solar tank for a small household, or it can be a booster in addition to a regular large-sized solar system for a larger one.

I asked Chromagen general manager Amos Nahir for an explanation of this seemingly strange proposal. Why should anyone who already has a sun heater invest another NIS 300

rather than get an Atmoran for half that price, or just put in a sleeve-type accelerator for less than NIS 100?

Nahir argues that the sleeves cause more problems in the long run than they are worth, while the Atmor-type instantaneous heaters are either so powerful as to be a burden on the household power load, or too weak to give a good shower. So Chromagen suggests putting in a small, 30-litre electric boiler to use on rainy days instead of switching on the heating element in the big solar tank. The little tank will give enough water for a single shower in a half hour or less, he says, and can deliver hot water quickly to any tap in the household, which the Atmor-type will not. Chromagen, by the way, will put a 2.5 kw. heating element in the small tank, to make it heat quickly, although according to the official standard, any tank of 100 litres or less must have an element of only 1.5 kw. The head of the electrical department of the Standards Institution assures me that such an adaptation does not make the tank unsafe—though it does infringe the terms of the *tav taken*.

IMPARTIAL adviser, Ada Roitgur at the Energy Ministry's Advisory Bureau in Tel Aviv, says a small booster boiler may be an answer in flats which are a long way from the roof, so that the water cools off in winter-time. She points out that virtually all firms make small tanks, and she also says that a medium-sized electric boiler, of 45-80 litres, might solve all the hot-water needs of a one- or two-person household.

She stresses—and I heartily endorse this—that any household thinking of adding an accelerator to an existing solar or electric tank

should contact the company from which the system was originally purchased, and which is responsible for servicing it. If you do any alteration on your own, or with a private plumber, it may very well invalidate the terms of your guarantee.

In most cases, it is not considered wise to open up a tank that is already several years old just to add a sleeve, because doing so may damage other parts. Better to wait until the tank needs opening up for service for some other reason, such as to change a burnt-out element.

While Roitgur has her reservations about Atmor-type water heaters she concedes that they can be a boon in certain instances—particularly in places where there is no technical possibility or no necessity for a regular hot water tank, such as a seldom-used guest bathroom, a watchman's hut or a laboratory.

DESPITE everything I have written here, the only type of hot water system which is truly instantaneous is that which does not use a small stream of water by a rather powerful heat source, which can be either electric or gas and is activated by opening a water tap. The hot water flows out almost immediately, and continues flowing as long as the tap is open.

The supply is unlimited, and energy is consumed only when water is actually being drawn.

On the negative side, the hot water is available only at the tap to which the appliance is affixed—either a shower or sink. At least, this is the case with the electrical units, and the smaller gas units. Stronger gas units with a chimney can provide instant hot water throughout the

home. The Atmor instant water heater has been on the market here for about a decade, but its marketing and advertising were taken over recently by the giant Tadiran company, which has renamed the product Atmoran. At the time of writing, Tadiran was offering the Atmoran shower model at a price of NIS 180 in four equal instalments. In addition, Atmor's own electricians take NIS 60 for installation—or it can be done by any certified electrician, probably at a higher cost.

An Atmoran must be installed only by a qualified electrician. We are dealing here with an appliance which combines water and electricity, and which one operates while standing barefoot under a stream of running water. The product requires drawing a separate electrical wire for its power supply, and it must be properly grounded.

WHAT ABOUT the safety of the Atmoran itself, assuming it is properly installed? Tadiran was convinced of Atmor's safety before it agreed to add the product to its "Family Line," states Arye Henig, who heads this Tadiran department. He told me—as did Atmor's own general manager Yehiel Goldberg—that the Atmor heater meets the demands of the Israel Standards Institution's Standard 900 for general electrical safety. It has also passed the tests for a certain U.S. safety label.

Unfortunately for the local consumer's peace-of-mind, the Israel Standards Institution does not issue any sort of "safety mark" which would attest to a product's compliance with the compulsory Standard 900. Responsibility for com-

plying with this standard lies with the manufacturer himself, and he is not required to submit to testing.

A document shown to me by Atmor purporting to prove compliance with Institution safety tests was dated nearly five years ago—and the Institution told me not to rely on such old evidence. However, the unofficial impression I get from the Institution's electrical department is that it has no real worries about Atmoran's safety. Rather, it is concerned whether the product will be able to qualify for an overall *tav taken* which would testify concurrently to its safety, its overall performance and its quality.

Tadiran, too, is very keen that Atmoran be issued a *tav taken*. The problem to date is that the Atmor-made water heaters for showers carry an electrical element more powerful than what the Israel Electric Corporation has been willing to approve for inclusion in the Standard 1191 for Electrical Instantaneous Water Heaters.

Originally, this standard was written with a 4 kw. maximum heating element in such a water heater. Only recently, the head of the Corporation's Consumer Department, Moshe Ziemann, very reluctantly agreed to raise this limit to 4.5 kw., and this has to be formally amended to the standard by a committee meeting later this month.

WHY IS the Electric Corporation such a stickler on the maximum power capacity of an instant water heater? Because, frankly, most Israeli households have a total power capacity barely able to sustain such a load at one time without blowing a main fuse—and resulting in an emergency service call. The

average household in Israel is wired with one-phase electricity which can provide a maximum of 25 amperes at one time—or a load of combined appliances totalling no more than 5.5 kw. If one is using a water heater which in itself uses 4.5 kw. of power that leaves precious little to run the other things which may be functioning at the same time. Some old flats, may have a total capacity of only 20 amps, which allows only 4-4.5 kw. of appliances to function simultaneously. Of course, there are also households which have three-phase wiring—and an almost unlimited capacity to run appliances, and some which have an expanded one-phase, which permits the use of 35 amps. at a time. But this is getting into the general subject of electricity consumption in Israel, which must be left for another occasion.

Before considering the purchase and installation of an Atmoran water heater, the wisest course would be to call in one's private electrician for a general appraisal of how much power the household has at its disposal. He is also the person to advise you whether to consider applying to your nearest Electric Corporation branch for an increased electricity supply.

If the idea of heating water by gas appeals to you, the places to inquire are the three major gas companies, each of which imports a European appliance. These systems, however, will cost more than double the price of an Atmoran, running to about NIS 500 for the types with a chimney which claim to provide instant hot water anywhere in the household.

When it comes to the running cost of instantaneous hot water, Energy Ministry experts say that it is about equal for electricity and gas.

MARTHA MEISELS

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FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1987

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1987

IF YOU WERE doing a simultaneous translation, would you render *mita yehudi* as "a Jewish child's death" or a "Jewish child's bed"? Orally, they could be either. The difference between the "ter" and "tav" in *mita*, which makes the difference, is apparent only in writing. In this case, the then prime minister, Menachem Begin, was being translated orally.

"For me there was no doubt. Knowing Begin and having translated Holocaust literature, I knew what he meant," Dr. Mahmoud Abassi recalls.

Abassi did the simultaneous translations when Anwar Sadat made his historic speech to the Knesset, offering peace to Israel, nine years ago, translating both into Arabic and Hebrew. "doing" the Egyptian president as well as Begin and the opposition leader, Shimon Peres. All spoke without a written text.

If King Hussein, or King Hassan, or any other Arab leader is big enough to follow in Sadat's giant footsteps, he will find Abassi ready to do the translations again, and his Hebrew will have all the guttural "het" and "ayin" sounds so many of us find difficult to use.

Abassi received his PhD in Arabic literature from the "very exacting" Hebrew University. He lectures on the subject at Haifa University, and also writes and translates books and owns a printing press in his home town, Shfar'am, in lower Galilee, where he publishes his own as well as other writers' books.

Once a month he is a speaker on the popular *Standpoint* in Kol Yisrael's morning news broadcast. He is careful to steer his three-minute talk so as not to collide with extremist views in either the Jewish or the Arab camps, a navigation that is becoming increasingly difficult.

But he shrugs it off, having learned to maneuver between the drops and keep himself dry.

Abassi was mooted this month as the Foreign Minister's leading choice for a senior post in an Israeli embassy abroad, in keeping with Peres's plan to place a qualified Israeli Arab in the foreign service.

BORN in Haifa, the heavy-set, bald

The divided soul



Ya'acov Friedler

writer, comes from a prosperous merchant family "who lost all we had in 1948." They moved to Shfar'am, not far from Haifa, and in 1950, when he was 14, his father decided to give him a good vocational education, and registered him at the Technion's prestigious Bosmat vocational high school.

There was no problem about his being a Moslem, "but they insisted that I must earn a passing mark in Hebrew and Bible at the entrance exams, then two months away." He studied hard all through the holidays, and passed with an acceptable 6.

By the time he graduated, as a mechanic, four years later, "I was first in my class in Hebrew literature." He doesn't think it was a very great achievement. "When I sat down to study Hebrew seriously to get into Bosmat, I found that it really is a sister to Arabic."

After graduating, he worked as a mechanic for just one month before

deciding that the job was not for him and changing course for a literary career.

AMONG THE many translations into Arabic that he subsequently published in his press, are selections from the Talmud, popular children's books, and the works of Shai Agnon.

Surprisingly, perhaps, he finds the Eastern European Agnon "more Arab than Ashkenazi."

"He shares our faith, our customs, our innocence, our hospitality, our honouring of our fathers and even our appreciation of rain. His books have an Oriental atmosphere."

Some of us may find Agnon difficult to read; Abassi finds him quite easy to translate. During a recent visit to Cairo he lectured on Agnon at the Foad el-Awar University, "and eight students now study him there."

Abassi has also translated the autobiographies of Golda Meir and Yigal Allon, books on the kibbutz and three volumes on the Holocaust.

In his press, he employs eight workers and says it pays for itself, "thanks to the commercial printing

we do in addition to my books and translations."

SOME MONTHS ago the bookstore chain, Steimatzky's, closed their Arabic department for "lack of demand." Abassi couldn't disagree more. They must have misjudged the market and put the wrong books on sale, he says.

"The Arabs in Israel are the most voracious readers in the Orient, second only to the Jews. Israeli Arab writers publish relatively more books than writers in any Arab country. The fact is that after the Six Day War, when the Green Line was opened, we bought up every single book in the West Bank shops."

According to Abassi, there are some 300 Arab writers and poets active in Israel today and publishing their work. This compares with 580 members of the Hebrew Writers Union.

He estimates that the work of about half the Arab writers is "reasonable," with 10-15 per cent "on an international level."

He himself has published 38 books, including 16 translations from the Hebrew. His work focuses on stories, plays and children's books.

Commenting on Shimon Peres's decision, during the last days of his premiership, to establish a fund for grants to enable 10 Hebrew writers to devote themselves full-time to their literary work, Abassi scored it as "a blow to Arab writers. We deserve similar grants too." A group of his colleagues got up a petition on the matter and he protested it personally as well.

ABASSI is chairman of the Beit Hagefen Arab-Jewish Community Centre in Haifa and very enthusiastic about its ideology of tolerance and coexistence. He noted that during the Six Day War, the Arab members, not called to the colours, volunteered to work in the kibbutzim, which were very short-handed in the absence of the menfolk; donated blood for the wounded; were busy keeping tempers calm among the Arab population; and supplied personal necessities to the many Egyptian PoWs who were held in Atilit.

"We Arabs of Israel have a prob-

lem, the problem of the divided soul," Abassi the writer says. "We are in the unenviable position of 'my people at war with my country.'"

He believes that the Arab writers are "more objective" than their Jewish colleagues, "because we have more experience of living together. In our works the image of the Jew is no more negative than that of the Arab characters."

LATELY, some of the Arab youngsters attending Beit Hagefen have expressed opinions in favour of compulsory army service for Israel's Arabs.

Abassi, whose Hebrew and knowledge of Hebrew literature is something to envy, has a very definite opposite viewpoint.

"I realize that as long as there is a state of war between Israel and the Arabs, we would never achieve equality in the army. There would always be the suspicion, and that is understandable.

"Then again, if ever there were active fighting, we would be wielding arms against our own brethren, as the Jews in Europe had to do in the First World War." It is not, he believes, an experience that should be repeated.

Furthermore, "for 38 years we have lived without carrying arms, we have become pacific. I strongly believe that our objective should be to prevent war and not do anything to make it more likely."

"And when peace is eventually made with the Arab states, do you think they would forgive us for having borne arms against them? They'll forgive you, even respect you, as the Egyptians have done. But we would suffer."

On the other hand, he firmly believes that if any young Israeli Arab wants to volunteer for the IDF he should be accepted, "but compulsory service would hurt both of us."

He agrees that the work done by Beit Hagefen in fostering Arab-Jewish coexistence, important as it is, is but a drop in the ocean. "But an ocean is made up of drops," he points out.

For a man who has been accepted at dodging the drops and keeping dry, it's quite a thought.

urban centre and were scattered in small townlets and villages throughout the country, the Jews of Iraq were an overwhelmingly urban population. According to official figures published toward the end of the 1940s, the Jews at that time constituted very nearly 10 per cent of Iraq's entire urban population but only 2.6 per cent of the overall population. The Jews of Baghdad and Basra alone comprised 75 per cent of the total Iraqi Jewish community, and Baghdad itself in certain respects was virtually a Jewish city.

These and other facts and figures about the Jews of Iraq are emphasized in the introductory chapters of *The Lure of Zion*, mainly to show how deeply rooted and well-established this Jewish community used to be before the mass exodus to Israel of the early 1950s. This mass emigration, which marked the virtual liquidation of the community, constitutes the subject-matter and the theme with which Abbas Shiblak, a Palestinian Arab scholar, deals in the book.

Shiblak's analysis of the factors leading to the exodus is generally fair-minded, well-balanced and adequately documented, except perhaps when, from evidence that cannot be considered conclusive, he argues that it was the Zionists and their agents who organized the bomb attacks on a Jewish synagogue, and on a few other Jewish places frequented by Jews. The notion is that these acts accelerated the process of

emigration by "helping many Jews to make up their minds." In this connection, Shiblak quotes from a book by Wilbur Crane Eveland, a former adviser to the CIA who was posted in Baghdad at the time, to the effect that the Zionists "planted bombs in the U.S. Information Service Library and synagogues," in an attempt "to portray the Iraqis as anti-American and to terrorize the Jews," and that "soon leaflets began to appear urging Jews to flee to Israel."

Otherwise, *The Lure of Zion* is a solid work of scholarship based on much research in primary sources - Iraqi, British, American and Israeli. In a page of acknowledgements, Shiblak lists the names of several Iraqi Jewish men and women who helped him with his work, among them Dr. Sami Daniel of Kingston Polytechnic, who supervised his dissertation, Dr. Sami Zubeida of Birkbeck College, and Mr. Meir Basri, the last president of the Iraqi Jewish community. The five appendices at the end of the book include reports by the State Department and the Foreign Office as well as the texts of the Iraqi laws pertaining to the denaturalization procedure and the subsequent sequestration of the property and financial assets of Jews deprived of their Iraqi nationality in accordance with those regulations.

A very useful addition to the small but increasing body of works on the Jews of Iraq, their history and fortunes.

THE FAMILIAR Irish themes all emerge in turn in these three books: the Anglo-Irish and Protestant Catholic conflict; fiery nationalism; the grinding poverty that exists alongside a gentility that proclaims - though it seldom delivers - a luxurious plenty; the mindless ignorance of the peasants; the often cosmopolitan culture of the "Big House"; and, above all, a wild and wily independence of spirit.

Most remarkable, because it moves in the little-known world of Ireland's travellers, or tinkers, is *Nan*, Sharon Gmelch's sensitive, unsentimental chronicle of a Travelling woman's life, told largely in Nan's own wonderful rhythm.

Born under a hedge alongside the family cart in 1919, Nan was one of the eleven surviving children of an itinerant chimney sweep who had learned the discipline he administered to his children in service with the British Army in World War I. Travellers' youngsters had little childhood, but Nan did, untypically, get a little schooling and, in a triumph of will, beat her catechism class and impressed the bishop with her wildly shouted, if ill-grasped, faith.

Accompanying her mother on begging trips that were only at times disguised as sales calls where "Mam" touted brushes, hair clips, ribbons, holy pictures and the like, Nan knew both the insides of the Great Houses and the poverty of the cottages. But Nan and her family were the pariahs of Irish society - lower even than the lowliest of the starving peasants who were hungrier than the Travellers because, unlike them, the cottagers could never permit themselves to beg their way.

But there were nonetheless the usual joys and sorrows of childhood: the fearful joy of stealing and secretly rearing a piglet, the awful sorrow of a pet bantam's cruel slaughter in answer to the dictates of Traveller lore that believed such creatures to be as unlucky as Nan's own red hair.

Nan's teenage saw her in service in England as a scullery maid, and in wild triumphant conflict with a bullying cook - one of the book's most

BARBARA HELFGOTT-HYETT teaches writing at Boston University and MIT. She is also an Artist in Residence at various museums and schools. Her poems have appeared in excellent American magazines, and she has edited several anthologies of children's poems. She had tried to write poetry about the Holocaust but without success. It weighs heavily on her conscience though she has no personal knowledge of it. A strange encounter moved her to make a new attempt.

In the fall of 1980, she joined a group of volunteers founded by Rabbi Joseph Polack, a camp survivor. The group conducted thirty-seven interviews with Allied soldiers who had liberated Dachau, Buchenwald and other camps. The witnesses were contacted through advertisements placed in the Greater Boston area. They included officers and men from quite varied units. Tapes of the interviews, and the photographs supplied by these men, most of them interviewed for the first time, are today stored at the Hillier Library at Boston University.

The impact of the poems by Helfgott-Hyett inspired by these witnesses can be quite strong. Here is the last poem in her book:

At the University Theatre in Harvard Square, I went to see The True Glory and I was still in uniform. When they showed the films of Dachau, the woman who sat beside me said, 'That's a lie. I was rugged in those days.'

Irish contrasts



NAN: The Life of an Irish Travelling Woman by Sharon Gmelch. London, Souvenir Press. 239 pp. £10.95.

THE CAME OF DECENT PEOPLE by Olga Pyne Clarke. London, Methuen. 190 pp. £4.95.

THE MULBERRY TREE: Writings of Elizabeth Bowen edited by Hermione Lee. London, Virago. 325 pp. £12.95

Dvorah Getzler

riotously funny episodes.

An arranged marriage with a Traveller followed, but, after three children, it broke up, and Nan was left destitute in Dublin and fearful of applying to the authorities for aid lest her children be taken from her. And, indeed, some of her youngsters were later taken into care, which

broke her heart, if not her spirit. But that was after she had returned to Travelling ways with her common law husband Mick, an engaging and often affectionate man, with a great gift of the gab, but, alas, an equally great thirst, and when in his cups, possessed of an ungovernable desire to lash out at the nearest target, all too often the long-suffering Nan.

Nan died in 1983, housed by the impersonal authorities in a mean little Dublin cottage where, for the past few years, she had mourned the drunken Mick and his fearful beatings, and prayed that none of her many children might follow the Travelling ways - noting, with a mixture of deprecation and relief, that they all lacked the necessary guts for the life of the road.

Gmelch has restricted her comments to a bare editorial minimum, and Nan's tale of stark privation, borne with humour and patience, fought with a fierce and clear-sighted independence, is left unvarnished. It

is a memorable and moving document.

EQUALLY VIGOROUS, though worlds removed, is Olga Pyne Clarke's account of her childhood and youth in an eccentric, often barbarous Anglo-Irish home near Cork, her eloquent with the man who was to become Lt. Col. Lord D'Arcy, and her subsequent bohemian-cum-horsey life in England, where her marriage went forever unrecognized by her parents.

By far the most vividly caught of young Olga's memories, though they seem less hers than a collective family memory, are those of The Troubles in which the four-year-old tomboy, her parents and sundry aunts and uncles were in turn saved by, and themselves outpaced, both sides, her father once making his escape by ducking between the legs of the horses drawing a funeral hearse.

But funny stories aside, the chapter on those terrible years, including the burning of Cork and the bloody battle of Douglas, is one of the most reverberant in the book. It shakes with the immediacy of the horror as felt by an Anglo-Irish family that was, as so many were, deeply rooted in, and in love with, that torn country.

Olga's was a strange, largely unschooled upbringing, though foreign travel with kindly relatives gave her a broad culture. Some of the best episodes show her - dressed, for example, as a chimney sweep equipped with real soot at a rather precious fancy dress party - in scornful conflict with the very proper society around her, and outraging parents and contemporaries alike.

That, in fact, was to be the pattern of her very gallant life, as she exploited her courage and her gift for judging horseflesh to make her way - as stable girl, trainer and later owner - in the horse, racing and hunting world that was her first and enduring love. Nor was she above some of the best tricks of that tricky world, but her victims were always the pretentious fools she despised.

Clarke tells her story with immense verve, and at rattling speed. The selection of Elizabeth Bowen's elegant essays, prefaces, reviews, broadcasts, letters and some fragments of autobiography is in sharp contrast.

Despite the tragedy of her father's psychiatric illness, which forced Elizabeth and her mother to move to England when she was only seven, her girlhood was, at least on the surface, orderly and largely typical of the cultivated middle classes of the First World War period. Adulthood saw her fully integrated into the literary life of London that embraced both Bloomsbury and less rarefied territory.

Hermione Lee's selection, and her illuminating notes, offer Bowen addicts (and it's easy and very rewarding to become one, with Penguin publishing many of her fine novels and a bumper collection of her varied and seductive short stories) a number of otherwise difficult to obtain pieces that flesh out Victorian Glendinning's very readable and sympathetic biography.

"The Mulberry Tree" - the piece that gives this volume its title - describes one of the several small schools she attended, and conjures up a world of privilege, discipline and morality that goes far to explain much in Bowen's fiction. The social qualities most cultivated, especially at meal-times, were "chattiness, desirability, tact, table manners, resource and charm."

Personality was allowed free rein, so long as others were never discomfited. That same sense of self subduing, at least in public, also informs her account of "The Big House" - the often severely impoverished centre of Anglo-Irish life that has so enriched Ireland precisely because of the duty and the grace of cultured giving which its denizens prized.

Her memoir of Sarah, the girl from Tipperary who eventually became the housekeeper of Bowen's Court, County Cork, is a moving testimony to the links that, despite the winds of cruel political change, still bind so many of those in the Big Houses to the people of Ireland, in a tempestuous, often tragic, but endlessly creative, love affair.

ance for the many ignorant and physically handicapped, and for the *agunot*, demonstrate an extraordinary rabbi, judge, doctor, and counsellor, very willing to help his people, but within the strict norm of Halacha. We encounter an exceedingly well-organized community, total self-sufficiency in economic matters, and almost universal observance of Jewish customs and Halacha.

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The book includes biographies of the principal Nazi leaders and of a number of Germans who opposed the Nazi regime. It provides a glossary, date list, biographical notes and a list of books on the Nazi period for further study. A very compact but well-produced study of this epoch.

FACING THE HOLOCAUST is an anthology of twelve superb stories by contemporary Israeli writers. Megged's *The Name*, Bartov's *Enemy Territory*, Hareven's *Twilight*, Applefeld's *Bertha* and Amichai's *The Times My Father Died* illustrate the complexity of Israeli attitudes to the Diaspora in general, and the Holocaust in particular.

Before the exodus

YEMENITE JEWRY: Origins, Culture and Literature by Reuben Ahroni. Bloomington, Indiana University Press. 228 pp. \$27.50. THE LURE OF ZION: The Case of the Iraqi Jews by Abbas Shiblak. London, Al Saqi Books. 177 pp. £4.95.

Nissim Rejwan

that "considerations of space" forced him to limit the scope of his study "mainly to the presentation of an accessible prologue to salient aspects of the history, culture and literature of the Jews of Yemen," is scarcely borne out by the space he allots - to give only two examples - to the impact of the Sabbatean movement on the Jews of Yemen (to which Ahroni devotes one of the book's seven chapters), and the obviously apocryphal story of an unhappy incident involving the Jews of Yemen and Ezra the Scribe in 538 BCE.

To say this is not to detract from the immense value of Ahroni's book but rather to point to the tremendous difficulties involved in this kind of undertaking. Ahroni indeed has managed to utilize all available and accessible primary sources for this readable and concise account. Apart from the introduc-

tion, which gives a bird's-eye-view of the subject-matter, there are chapters on the antiquity of Jewish settlement in Arabia, on the post-Biblical and pre-Islamic periods, the early and high Medieval Ages, and the 18th and 19th centuries. The account is brought up to the twentieth century, and there is an Epilogue on Yemenite Jewry in the Land of Israel.

Ahroni's approach to the subject of the fortunes of Yemenite Jewry under Islam is generally fair and well-balanced. The blurb describes the Yemenite Jews as having been "quarantined by their religion," and facing "perpetual harassment, oppression, social degradation, violent persecution, periodic slaughter, forced conversion and mass expulsion," but it is in the context of the general condition of the land of Yemen, and of the times in question, that these phenomena should be discussed. Perhaps the most telling comment on this aspect of the subject was made early in this century by a Lebanese-American traveller and writer, Ameen Rihani, who described the Yemen as being "in itself a quarantine - people quarantined by religion."

IN SHARP contrast with the Jews of Yemen, who lacked any kind of

I've been there

INEVIDENCE by Barbara Helfgott-Hyett. University of Pittsburgh Press. 161 pp. \$15.95 cloth, \$8.95 paper.

POEMS OF THE HOLOCAUST by Cecile Klein. Jerusalem, Gefen Publishing House. 48 pp. Price not stated.

REMEMBER NOT TO FORGET: A Memory of the Holocaust Years by Norman H. Finkelstein. New York, Franklin Watts. 32 pp. Price not stated.

RESTLESS MEMORIES: Recollections of the Holocaust Years by Samuel P. Oliner. Berkeley, California, Judah L. Magnes Museum. 215 pp. \$9.95.

I just couldn't take it. I said, Lady, I've been there. I have seen this. This is real. I still smell the stench. And I said it loud and all the people heard.

CECILIE KLEIN survived Auschwitz, and her poems reflect her pain and suffering. She is a witness who is grateful to the Almighty that she has been able to raise a family and express her feelings.

NORMAN H. FINKELSTEIN is an American public school librarian

AUTHORITY AND COMMUNITY: Polish Jewry in the Sixteenth Century by Nissan E. Shulman. Hoboken, New York, Ktav Publishing House. 265 pp. \$20.00.

NAZI GERMANY by Richard Tames. London, Batsford Academic and Educational. 72 pp. £6.95.

FACING THE HOLOCAUST: Selected Israeli Fiction edited by Gila Ramras-Rauch and Joseph Michman-Melkman. Philadelphia, The Jewish Publication Society. 292 pp. \$16.95.

Alexander Zvielli

and educator. In 1984 he won the Holzman Award in recognition of the creative new materials he had devised for Jewish education. In *Remember Not to Forget*, he carefully weighs every word. His short history of the Holocaust is accompanied by appropriate woodcuts by Lois and Lars Holmanson.

SAMUEL OLLINER, the author of the autobiographical *Restless Memories*, is a professor of sociology at Humboldt State University in Arcata, California. He recalls, in his well-written narrative, his experiences in Nazi Europe, when he

assumed the saving identity of Jusek Polewski, an illiterate farmhand in Ruthenia.

Oliner recently founded the Altruistic Personality Project, and the Institute of the Righteous Acts, which studies the characteristics of Righteous Gentiles who rescued and hid Jews in Nazi-occupied countries. His memoirs are dedicated to all those who perished tragically, and commemorates the fate of the Jewish settlements in Ruthenia and along the Carpathian mountains.

AUTHORITY AND COMMUNITY has hardly any bearing on the Holocaust but I have included it in this review for it offers us a fascinating insight into the making of a world which exists no more. Dr. Nissan E. Shulman is today Chief Rabbi of the Central Synagogue of Sydney, Australia, and a scholar and contributor to the *Encyclopaedia Judaica*.

His present study of the cultural, political, economic and social life of Jews in Poland in the sixteenth century began as his doctoral dissertation. All the outstanding features of Jewish life at the time are perceived through the response of Rabbi Benjamin Aaron B. Abraham Slonik. The community's questions, posed to Rabbi Slonik, and his 112 learned answers, offer a unique insight into communal problems. The responses deal with problems of life and death, issues relating to private and communal life, occupations and problems of Halacha.

Rabbi Slonik's concern for his community's dignity, and his toler-

ance for the many ignorant and physically handicapped, and for the *agunot*, demonstrate an extraordinary rabbi, judge, doctor, and counsellor, very willing to help his people, but within the strict norm of Halacha.

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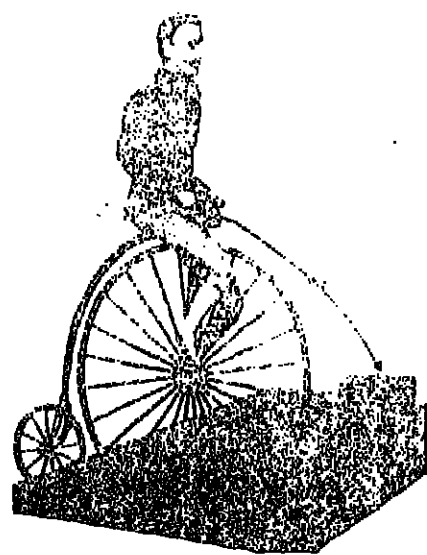
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Edited by Dennis Silk

Dan Pagis

Dan Pagis, reticent ironist of the camps, student of riddles, medieval Hebrew poetry's best understander, died not quite six months ago.



Clockwork "Blondin" cyclist by W.H. Britain, 1888.



TESTIMONY

No no: they definitely were human beings: uniforms, boots. How to explain? They were created in the image.

I was a shade.
A different creator made me.

And he in his mercy left nothing of me that would die. And I fled to him, floated up weightless, blue, forgiving - I would even say: apologizing - smoke to omnipotent smoke that has no face or image.

From FOOTPRINTS

"From heaven to the heaven of heavens to the heaven of night" - Yannai

Against my will
I was confined by this cloud: restless, gray,
trying to forget in the horizon, which always receded

Hail falling hard,
like the chatter of teeth:
refugee pellets pushing eagerly
into their own destruction

In another sector
clouds not yet identified.
Searchlights that set up
giant crosses of light
for the victim.
Unloading of cattle-cars.

Afterwards the letters fly up,
after the flying letters mud
hurries, snuffs, covers for a time

It's true, I was a mistake, I was forgotten
in the sealed car, my body tied up
in the sack of life

Here's the pocket where I found bread,
sweet crumbs, all from the same world

Maybe there's a window here - if you don't mind,
look near that body, maybe you can open up
a bit. That reminds me
(pardon me) of the joke about the two Jews
in the train, they were traveling to

Say something more; talk.
Can I pass from my body and onwards -

From heaven to the heaven of heavens to the heaven of night
long convoys of smoke

The new seraphim who haven't yet understood,
prisoners of hope, astray in the empty freedom,
suspicious as always: how to exploit
this sudden vacuum, maybe
the double citizenship will help,
the old passport,
maybe the cloud? what's new in the cloud,
here too of course
they take bribes. And between us: the biggest bills
are still nicely hidden away, sewn
between the soles -
but the shoes have been piled up below:
a great gaping heap

Convoys of smoke. Sometimes
someone breaks away,
recognizes me for some reason, calls my name.
And I put on a pleasant face, try to remember:
who else
who

Without any right to remember, I remember
a man screaming in a corner, bayonets rising
to fulfill their role
in him

Without any right to remember. What else
was there? Already I'm not afraid
that I might say

without any connection at all:
there was a heart, blue from excessive winter,
and a lamp, round, blue, kind-hearted.
But the kerosene disappears with the blood, the flame flickers -

Yes, before I forget:
the rain stole across some border, so did I,
on forbidden escape-routes, with forbidden hope,
we both passed the mouth of the pits

Maybe now
I'm looking in that rain
for the scarlet thread

Where to begin?
I don't even know how to ask.
Too many tongues are mixed in my mouth. But
at the crossing of these winds,
very diligent, I immerse myself
in the laws of heavenly grammar: I am learning
the declensions and ascensions of
silence.

Who has given you the right to rest?
What is above you you already know.
You meant to ask about what is within you,
what is abysmally through you.
How is it that you did not see?

But I didn't know I was alive.
From the heaven of heavens to the heaven of night
angels rushed, sometimes one of them
would look back, see me, shrug his shoulders,
continue from my body and onwards

BIPED

The biped is quite a strange creature:
through his flesh he is related
to the other predatory animals, but he alone
cooks animals, peppers them.
he alone is clothed with animals, shod in animals,
he alone thinks
that he's a stranger in the world, alone protests
against what is decreed, he alone laughs,
and, strangest of all, rides of his own free will
on a motorcycle.
He has four limbs,
two ears,
a hundred hearts.

(From "Bestiary")

DEVOTION

Rubber gloves: for the kitchen - brutish, efficient; for the
surgeon's table - oily, gossiping, seam-hung into the most
intimate details, and, finally, disinfected.

Of all rubber gloves there is only one that is noble: the eternal
one that does not exist, the glove in De Chirico's painting *Song of Love*. It is pinned to a bare, whitewashed wall; beneath it an
unfathomable ball is dreaming; and beside it, on the wall, a
plaster head of a man, perhaps of Apollo, blindly stares into
space. The head does not know that far behind, in anti-space, a
black locomotive is puffing away, sprouting a cloud, and it is
evening already. But the glove hangs here, in front of us, with
utter devotion, and with all its limp fingers it points downward
and shows us the way, the way.

THE SOUVENIR

The town where I was born, Radautz, in the county of
Bukovina, threw me out when I was ten. On that day she forgot
me, as if I had died, and I forgot her too. We were both satisfied
with that.

Forty years later, all at once, she sent me a souvenir. Like an
unpleasant aunt whom you're supposed to love just because she
is a blood relative. It was a new photograph, her latest winter
portrait. A canopied wagon is waiting in the courtyard. The
horse, turning its head, gazes affectionately at an elderly man
who is busy closing some kind of gate. Ah, it's a funeral. There
are just two members left in the Burial Society: the gravedigger
and the horse.

But it's a splendid funeral; all around, in the strong wind,
thousands of snowflakes are crowding, each one a crystal star
with its own particular design. So there is still the same impulse
to be special, still the same illusions. Since all snow-stars have
just one pattern: six points, a star of David in fact. In a minute
they will start melting and turn into a mass of plain snow. In
their midst my elderly town has prepared a grave for me, too.

SOMINEX

The old radio, its dial showing all the names of the cities, glows
again in the dark. I didn't know it was still alive. Well then, I'm
still young. The cities, enchanted and distant again, sing for me,
give me the news of the years.

The door opens. Who is coming to see me, I'm coming to see
me, to take me away. Look, it's hard to talk in one person, let's
go back to you-and-me, the way we used to, all right? We'll
have to leave in a moment, but there's nothing to be scared of,
really there isn't. Before we finish, here's the weather report: it
will be cold tomorrow. You're taking a scurf? Take it, take it, if
it makes you feel any better.

The body you leave: they'll freeze it for a day or two, then (for
an exorbitant fee) they'll wash it, diaper it, make a large baby.
Then they'll call your son to identify Daddy among those other
babies waiting to go back into Mommy's belly. You're laughing.
But it's from the Bible, that amazing verse in the Book of Job:
"Naked I came from my mother's womb, and naked shall I
return thither." What does it mean, "return thither"? Have you
ever thought about that?

And here's an urgent report that we've just received at the
news-desk: we are now closing down for the night. Just one
more minute before we leave. Look, this calm head, these
relaxed, open hands - I never imagined that this moment could
be so kind.

The translations are by Stephen Mitchell.
"Testimony," "Footprints," and "The Biped" are taken from
Points of Departure, The Jewish Publication Society of
America, 1981, \$8.95.
"The Souvenir" and "Sominex" have had magazine publica-
tion only in English, and "Devotion" has not been printed till
now in translation.

Optical allusions

S. T. Meravi

EVERY FIVE or 10 years I drop in
on Alberto Moravia to see how the
dean of Italian fiction is doing. After
two dozen works of fiction the old
boy, at 80 years of age, still shows
signs of vigorous imagination, as
seen in his latest novel, *The Voyeur*
(Secker and Warburg, £9.95).

The story, conveyed in a smooth if
often markedly idiomatic British
rendering by Tim Parks, is not as
inflammatory as its title might sug-
gest. Rather than peeping through
windows, our narrator is the sort of
young nervous intellectual who pon-
ders the voyeuristic nature of litera-
ture, wherein author acts as exhibi-
tionist for the willingly seduced read-
er. But while musing over such
matters, Fabrizio is nonetheless re-
vealed as a man who largely loves
with his eyes. He tends to watch
himself watch his wife, for example,
as they do their conjugal thing.

Trouble comes when Silvia tries of
being her husband's adored Madama
and takes a lover who happily makes
her his pig.
Moravia trots out classic Freudian
trauma and conflict to explain a lot
of what otherwise remains obscure
and suggestive, and his characters in
this slim, opaque tale do not really
spring to full rounded life. But the
telling has a certain artful energy
that makes *The Voyeur* highly
admirable for its craft, if not entirely
illuminating as a study of human
behaviour.

And if reviewers don't have
enough *smurfs*, let this one register a
new complaint: The copyright page
of *The Voyeur* proudly announces
that the text is set in something called
"Lasercorp Photina 11 on 12 pt." The
most noticeable result of this
frightening nomenclature is that
commas are virtually indistinguish-
able from full-stops, giving even the
most dedicated literary voyeur cross-
ed eyes.

The repeated motif meanwhile is
to have these heroines revisit Ireland
for whatever reason, where the past
- or occasionally an IRA outrage -
will abruptly violate their present.
As noted, some of these variations
on a theme don't work. But some
resonate very well indeed.

IN THE INTRODUCTION to his
collected short fiction, Norman

Mailer was candid enough to suggest
that the pieces didn't amount to a
great deal, that they certainly didn't
embellish his literary career, and
that if truth be told readers could
very well get along without them.
Tennessee Williams didn't live long
enough to collect his own short sto-
ries, so we don't know if he would
have been equally modest about
what were, after all, largely dowl-
dings between dramas. But there was
plenty to be modest about. It also
clearly does his reputation no good
to bring together every stray scrap of
fiction the man ever wrote.

Diehard fans of the plays of course
will be interested in Williams' Col-
lected Stories (Ballantine, \$5.95).
No doubt they will delight in finding
that this story contains the germ of
Baby Doll and that that story fore-
shadows *The Glass Menagerie* or
that the other is a sketch for *The
Night of the Iguana*. And "scholars"
of course will grow tumescent over
the resurrection of the playwright's
very first published story (in, of all
things, the old sci-fi pulp *Weird
Tales*) and the many pieces that
never saw print in the first place.

But aside from a very few good
pieces, like the wickedly titled
"Twenty-Seven Wagons Full of Cot-
ton" or the rather moving "The
Remembrance between a Violin Case
and a Coffin", the casual reader will
not find many remarkable examples
of the genre. In truth, what he will
find is a good deal of rubbish, pub-
lished in 1978, "The Killer Chicken and
the Closet Queen," an ugly and clumsy
tale in comparison to his many heart-
felt stories about homosexuality that
appeared, quite bravely, in the 1940s
and 1950s.

Yet nothing in this collection is as
offensively misconceived as Gore
Vidal's introduction, where among
many other stupid statements he
moans about how Williams was
persecuted throughout his career by
the "anti-fag brigade," adding gra-
tuitously that "most of the briga-
diers were Jews."

Starring unknowns

IN *Contact*, we witness a scenario in
which hope and trust prevail over
mistrust, bigotry, prejudice.

A brilliant scientist, Eleanor
Arroway, is in charge of Project
Argus, a complex of radiotelescopes
listening for a signal that would
prove the existence of an ex-
traterrestrial intelligence. One day
a signal is received. More than a sig-
nal, it is a message seemingly
directed at us from the star Vega, 26
light-years away. Arroway is in-
strumental in the decoding of this
message, and has to persuade the
powers that be it is not a threat but a
promise. The message contains the
plans for a machine intended, it
would seem, for transportation of

what could be a Trojan Horse or
Doomsday Machine, or could be
something else entirely.

"In Ancient China, Vega, and
two nearby stars were called Chin
Nou. It means the young woman
with the spinning wheel. It is an
auspicious symbol, a machine to
make new clothes for the people of
Earth."

"We have received an invitation.
A very unusual invitation. Maybe it
is to go to a banquet. The Earth has
never been invited to a banquet

before. It would be impolite to re-
fuse."

There is some wonderful specula-
tion about the reactions of people,
religions and politicians to a com-
pletely new and awesome situation.
The conversation is, at times, a bit
forced, but the story never really
suffers from it. The scientific in-
formation and description are au-
thentic. Here, Sagan's ability to re-
late the technical in such a way that
we, the plebes, can understand and
appreciate it, is clear. There is a
sense of familiarity with the long,
boring hours spent on computer ter-
minals, listening to the hisses of
radio static. There is also the
wonderful feeling of discovery, of
hearing something no man has heard
before. It makes me jealous thinking
about the people who will be the
vanguard of our species in the next
century.

"The cash flow, you mean. Now
let me understand this. You
squeezed your clients for all they
were worth?"

"And then stuck the government
with the job of covering their value."
"And all the while you sat in your
penthouse office and laughed
through your cigar smoke?"

"Yes, your honour, I carried it off
with such arrogance that we may
even have to redefine the word *lutzpa*."

"That, sir, sounds truly diabolic-
al."
"But that's precisely what I'm
pleading, your honour. The devil
made me do it - in the form of the
ghost of J.P. Morgan."

"Sounds perfectly reasonable.
Israeli justice declares this a clear
case of transmuting souls. Case
dismissed. Bailiff, call the next de-
fendant."

"The State versus William
Nakash."

"Present, Blessed be the Lord."
"Mr. Nakash. You are accused of
the premeditated murder of a fellow
hoodlum down there in the sleazy
depths of the French underworld.
How do you plead?"

"A case of mistaken identity,
Monsieur Justice Honourable. I am
not, how you say, one of your typic
French gangsters. I happen to

Life sentences

THE FIFTH COLUMN
Matt Nesvisky

TEL AVIV - A DRUSE soldier
was sentenced to three years in pris-
on last week after a military court
ruled that transmigration of the soul
was no excuse for desertion.

The soldier pleaded that in a pre-
vious existence as a Syrian soldier,
he had been run over by an Israeli
tank, and that his resulting fear of
tanks had caused him to desert his
unit eight years ago... *The Jerusalem
Post*.

"OYEZ. Oyez. oyez. The Trans-
migratory Magistrate's Court is now
in session, the Honorable Ralph
Waldo Epstein presiding. All rise."

"Thank you, bailiff. Call the first
defendant."

"The State versus Mr. Ernest
Japhet."

"Present, your honour."
"Mr. Japhet. You are accused of
raking off more money from your
bank than anyone even believed was
in your vaults. How do you plead?"

"I plead that I am simply J.P.
Morgan reincarnated, your honour.
It's not that I personally ever wanted
that filthy lucre. But when you're
possessed by the *dybbuk* of one of
the greatest robber barons in his-
tory, well, you just gotta go with the
flow."

"The cash flow, you mean. Now
let me understand this. You
squeezed your clients for all they
were worth?"

"And then stuck the government
with the job of covering their value."

"And all the while you sat in your
penthouse office and laughed
through your cigar smoke?"

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with such arrogance that we may
even have to redefine the word *lutzpa*."

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the premeditated murder of a fellow
hoodlum down there in the sleazy
depths of the French underworld.
How do you plead?"

"A case of mistaken identity,
Monsieur Justice Honourable. I am
not, how you say, one of your typic
French gangsters. I happen to

Simon Bar-Kochba, avenger of the
Jewish nation, ignobly recast in a
low-budget French film noir."

"The very idea leaves me breath-
less. You mean to say that instead of
carrying out a gangland assassination,
you were really fighting for
Jewish equality?"

"Mais oui! Not to mention *la
liberté et la fraternité!*"

"I see. But you resist going back to
France and taking your punishment
like a man?"

"When Bar-Kochba's place is
here, waging war against the Arab
legions occupying our sacred land?"

"Sounds reasonable to me. I can't
be responsible for exiling Simon
Bar-Kochba to a Gallic lock-up.
Case dismissed. Bailiff, call the next
defendant."

"The State versus Mr. Benny Be-
gin."

"That's me, your honour."
"Mr. Begin, you stand accused
not only of launching personal
attacks against Ariel Sharon, but of
merely doing so as a proxy for your
reclusive father, Menachem Begin.
How do you plead?"

"Proxy, shmoxxy - how would you
believe if your father spoke to no one
else in the world but you - and all the
time, day and night, *hacking hi chik-
nik* about Ari, Ari, Ari! I tell
you, he's taken over my soul! I'm not
the least bit responsible for what I
say!"

"You mean to tell the court that
you have nothing personal against
Ariel Sharon - that you're merely
the mouthpiece for your old man?"

"I swear it by Jabotinsky's black-
rimmed spectacles, your honour.
For that matter, who could have
anything personal against Ariel
Sharon? He thinks he's General Pat-
ton. And Patton, as we all know,
thought he was Hamibal reincar-
nate!"

"That's a considerable load of
incarnation to pack on to one set of
bones. Very well. I accept your plea
of multiple transmigration of
personalities. Case dismissed.
Bailiff, the next defendant."

"The State versus Lea Shakkdiel."

"Present, your honour."
"Mrs. Shakkdiel, you stand ac-
cused of - can this be correct? - you,
a woman, wish to serve on a religious
council?"

"Quite true, your honour. I'm a
thoroughly observant Orthodox
Jew, and I deeply respect Jewish
tradition in regard to the roles of
men and women. But I see nothing
in Jewish tradition that prevents my
serving on a religious council."

"But this is unprecedented! How
do you account for this *lutzpa*?"

"I account for it, your honour,
because flowing in my veins is not
only the blood of Abraham, Isaac
and Jacob, but also of Sarah and
Rebecca and Leah and Rachel! And
Deborah and Hannah and Esther!
And Miriam and Ruth!"

"That makes nine. Gimme one
more and you'll be a one-woman
minyan!"

"And - and - and Bruria!"
"Transmigration accepted up
case dismissed - just a token
shekel fine for illegal assu-
Bailiff, anything else on the
et?"

"I'm afraid there are
cases left, your honour, your
finance minister who's
possessed by Yorgaf the
mer director-genist who
Ministry who's Almight-
CIA, a nump-
who usually
realm, 30r lunch. By the
frequency today?"

"Honour. Featuring
fired Israeli mackerel
smoked salmon." □

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